



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

S
525
137
5

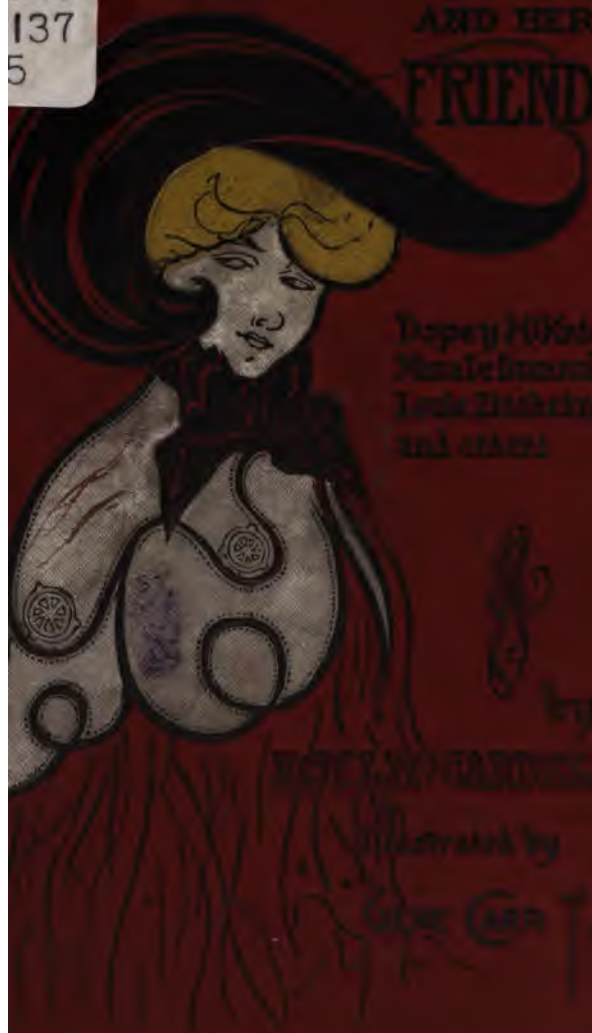
THE SHOW GIRL AND HER FRIENDS

Dorothy McKnight
Marie Linnemann
Leda Zinsmeister
and others

by
WILLIAM FAIRBANKS

Illustrated by

GEORGE CARR





10/1/62

~~Roger Inhofe
New York City
March 28, 1972~~





**"I inherit my neat ankles from my mama," said
the Show Girl.**

The Show Girl and Her Friends

BY
ROY L. MCCARDELL
*Author of "Conversations
of a Chorus Girl."*

Illustrated by GENE CARR



NEW YORK AND LONDON
STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS

1112

PS 3525

A13750

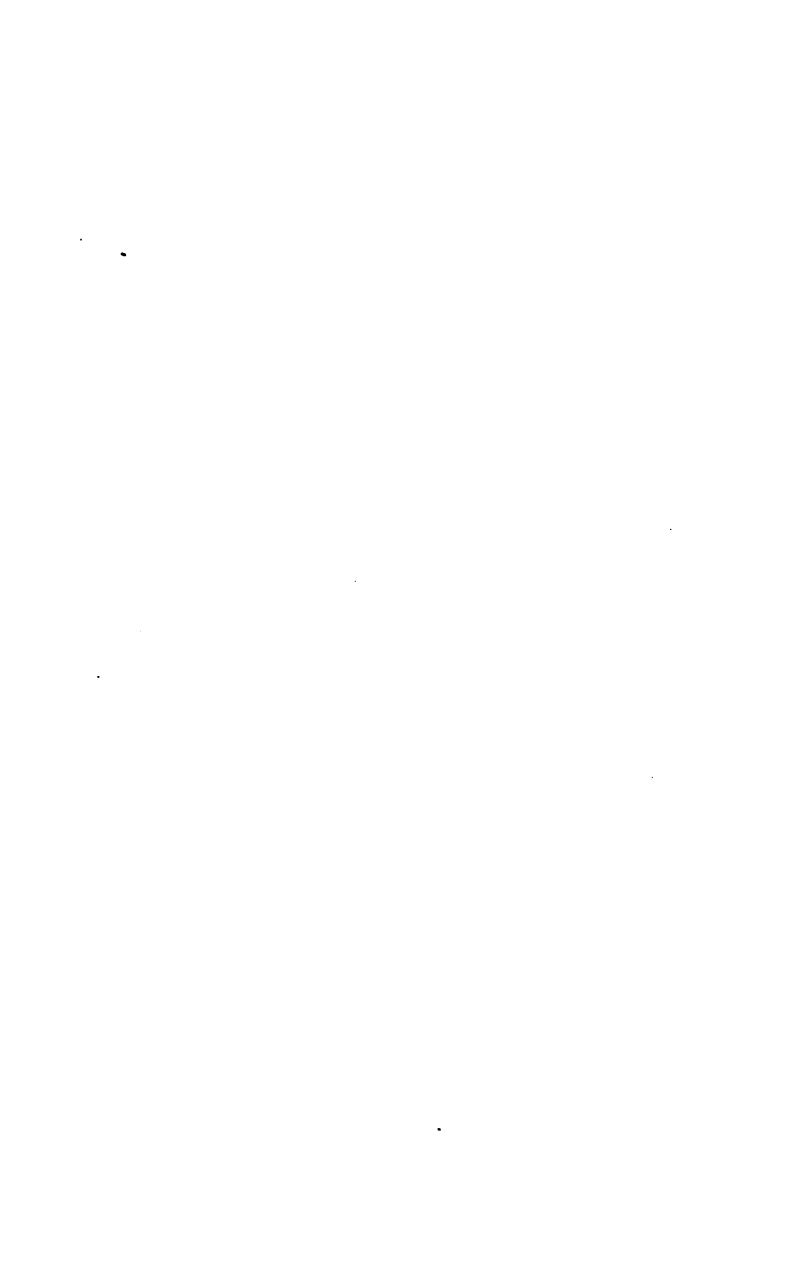
COPYRIGHT 1904

**BY
STREET & SMITH**

THE SHOW GIRL

CONTENTS

	PAGE
At the Horse Show	13
Politics and Society	23
A Typical Broadway First Night	33
Lonesome for Home	47
Beckoned from Brooklyn	59
A New Year's Eve Reception	73
Amy Back in Town	85
A Pleasant Party	99
Old Home Week	113
Dopey McKnight Has Presentiments . .	127
How Harry Trimmers Got Stung	143
The Downfall of Dopey McKnight . . .	155
Why Dopey McKnight is Still in Jail for Alimony	167
Isn't it Awful to be in Jail in Springtime.	179
The Hero of Broadway	193





A REALISTIC COMEDY
OF NEW YORK LIFE

THE SHOW GIRL AND HER FRIENDS

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LULU LORRIMER. The Show Girl who is
the real radium.

LOUIE ZINSHEIMER. Who has enlarge-
ment of the heart.

DOPEY McKNIGHT. The human pianola,
whose genius is great, but whose
poverty is galling.

ABIE WOGGLEBAUM. Assistant to Louie
Zinsheimer as the Show Girl's meal
ticket.

(Programme continued on next page.)

Programme Continued

AMY DE BRANSCOMBE. Who is a real pal.

MAMA DE BRANSCOMBE. Who has her faults, but, then, she's Amy's mother.

HARRY TRIMMERS. Who would spend his money, only he can't get his hand open.

MAZIE MONTRESSOR	} Amy and Lulu's
DELLA FORTESCUE	
TRIXIE MCGINNIS	

lady friends.

MR. BURLAP. The Coffee Broker. Is he a jingle?

VASHTI, THE VENGEFUL. Dopey's wife, who is only out for alimony.

Actors, Cabmen, Waiters, Wine Openers,
Feather Importers, Chorus Girls and
Supernumeraries.

TIME—The present

SCENE—Broadway

Scenery and costumes especially designed for
this production by **GENE CARR.**

AT THE HORSE SHOW



“Lulu, I’m jest dying for a pig’s knuckle and a glass of beer!”

At the Horse Show

Was She There?—You Bet She Was!—And
So Was Mama De Branscombe and Louie
Zinsheimer, and Mama De Branscombe
Hollered for Pigs' Knuckles—Ain't She
Terrible?

"Was we there? Well, say, a Horse Show without me and Louie Zinsheimer would be like 'Hamlet' without any hams in it," said the Show Girl, as she toyed with her chrysanthemum.

"Of course Amy was with us, and her friend, and Mama De Branscombe tagged along as a trailer.

"Say, she's like the answer printed with the riddle. A dead give-away. Louie and I led the grand march with a 'we-don't-know-these-people' air, but we couldn't lose mama for a minute.

"There she was, with a net veil

drawn down over her old false front, making it look like a bunch of sun-burned seaweed, and every two minutes she was poking me in the back and saying, 'Lulu, which is the Vanderbilts' box?'—or the Goulds', or the Astors'.

"Charlie's mother and sister, Charlie, the usher who used to be my fiancé, you know, were there, too, with the rest of the boarding-house push, but I saw them first and set all signals against them as they came tearing down the line.

"As they passed us, Charlie's mother made some crack to the daffy daughter about 'common people present.'

"But I pretended they weren't within range of vision and said to Louie loud, so's they could hear it: 'If you'd holler "Hash!" or "Cash!" here, the procession would stop.

"That was a puncture for the pair, for Charlie's mother conducts a prune

emporium, while his sister is a sales-lady.

"I would have gotten away the sting all right, but just then Mama De Branscombe pokes me in the back and says:

"'Lulu, I'm jest dying for a pig's knuckle and a glass of beer!'

"Charlie's folks got one peek at the false front and her made-over mohair with its prehistoric plaits, and they tittered right in my face. I felt like a stock star who's had her card handed back at a Broadway matinée.

"Amy, poor girl, can't see it, but her mother won't do east of Sixth Avenue.

"Mama De Branscombe in the flat, with one of my tea gowns on, passing round the bottled beer and the lady fingers, while Dopey McKnight, happy with his holdover, plays 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget' for me and Amy to sing, is an ideal hostess, but the Horse Show is not for hers.

"Louie only grinned and said, 'Ring the bell and let the car go on!' But then, what does a man care if his lady friend suffers a social humiliation? Louie was good-natured, anyway, just about that time, for he had caught sight of a customer with Abie Wogglebaum, and had sold him a bill of goods while Charlie's folks were throwing the hooks into me.

"The customer with Abie was a friendly Indian from Syracuse, who had a fit-'em-quick hand-me-down some kike had unloaded on him. Every time he breathed deep he bombarded me with buttons.

"Once I saw him grab his garments before it was everlastingly too late, and all the rest of the evening them kike clothes were trimmed with a pained expression.

"Well, we went all over the whole show. It was like a livery stable convention. We went downstairs and looked at the thoroughbreds and po-

nies in the box stalls, and said, 'Ain't they cute!' just like all the other women did, and then we went upstairs to see if any new dresses had come in. I could have stayed there all evening looking at the gowns; but Mama De Branscombe was setting up another yell about pig's knuckles. Say, she has the has-the-habit! And Louie Zinsheimer, saying accidentally that Dopey could get them past the lookout at Honest John Cheatemgood's, got the Syracuse sport excited, and Amy said she had a headache, and so we all took cabs home.

"Louie and Abie shook us to hunt Dopey to look up a game—I'm glad poor Dopey will get his bit for commission, for, of course, they all got trimmed—them places have only been open since election—and then we went upstairs to find some one had left the gas stove burning.

"Mama De Branscombe said I'd been the last using it to heat curling

irons, and that caused words, and I threw it up to her about being accused of committing kleptomania in Sixth Avenue stores, and Amy threatened to slap me, and Mama De Branscombe got a bottle of beer and some cold tomatoes and macaroni out of the ice-box and ate it, and said she'd been like a mother to me, and that nobody loved her, and that she wished she was dead, and I kissed her and said I was sorry, and that I would leave them and go out into the night to beg my bread if it would make them any happier, and then Mama De Branscombe said after all we should feel thankful that poverty was no disgrace, and went to bed to read 'A Mad Marriage; or, The Lunatic Lover,' and Amie and I got out the cards and told fortunes till two o'clock, and then we went to bed.

"Say, don't you think the Horse Show is lovely?"

POLITICS AND SOCIETY





"I'd have my papa come on to see me, for he's a good old sport, but he wears Ostermoors."

Politics and Society

The Show Girl Talks of Politics and Society
and of How Her Papa Will Insist on
Wearing Whiskers Despite Her Antipathy
to Spinach on the Human Face.

“What between opening nights, religious revivals, and political ratifications New York’s gone dotty for fair,” said the Show Girl, as she squinted in the little mirror in her purse to see if her hat was on straight. “What with the cops fanning everybody in sight that’s sober, and the best of friends coming to blows over messages of peace, and everybody on the the graft and calling it ‘civic pride,’ it’s no wonder the box offices are willing to take Confederate money and

our show won't be the only one to close Saturday.

"My papa goes in for politics, and spends all his money before he gets home. High words have been caused between him and mama because mama don't understand how it is unless you want to be counted a dead one you've got to produce. Mama only cares for society, where a cup of tea and graham wafers, served on hand-painted china, ranks you aces as an entertainer. In Altoona, Pa., where I come from, the society people expect to go to the Waldorf-Astoria when they die and call the Swede girl 'the maid.'

"Say, you'd a died if you had been to a reception I was at once there, given by a society woman, whose husband ran the music store, where the reserved seats are put on sale for the opera house. She was making a clamor over her second cousin from Richmond, who was visiting her, and

who was one of them tenor singers, you know the stunt? 'Every Eve I Bring Thee Violets,' and all them 'slap-on-the-wrist' songs.

"Well, Willie, the weird warbler, had set himself up saucy and started 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia,' when papa, who was a deputy sheriff them days, come in with a requisition to take him back to Richmond on the charge of embezzling.

"Everybody fainted, because refined people always faint when in doubt.

"Mama said papa had 'acted like a boor,' which was the word for those not in her set, and for almost half an hour she refused to take the fee from him that he got for serving the papers.

"I'd have my papa come on to see me, for he's a good old sport, but he wears Ostermoors on his face, because he says whiskers is cheaper than collars, and he never could bear celluloid, 'cause they smell so of camphor, and he had an aunt from whom he inherits,

being a dipsomaniac, who used to drink camphor and blow her breath on him when he was a boy. So papa sticks to his side wools, and the fleet wouldn't stand for 'em.

"I wrote him, and I just said, 'Play the races with them Ostermoors, papa. Let the cry be, "They're off in a bunch!" And you are welcome to come on and visit me and my friends, where your talents as a sopper-up will set you solid, but my friends pass up the jo-jos when on the human face.' But passing all his life at a way station has got papa set in his notions, and so long as he persists in covering his countenance with a dense mass of foliage I can only be his daughter at a distance.

"Papa is good company, too, and the fleet would fall for him at the drop of the hat. Papa has a good voice, and knows a lot of 'come-all-yes': 'The Night That the Convent Burned to the Ground,' 'Why Did

They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep,' 'It Was Not My Father That Did the Bad Deed, 'Twas the Whisky That Maddened His Brain,' and 'Death Hath No Terrors for the Upright Man,' which he sings at the Elks' Lodge of Sorrow every year in Altoona. But I know the minute Louie Zinsheimer or any of the rest of the fleet saw poor papa with his Ostermoors they'd softly imitate the evening breeze, 'z-z-z-z-ziz, zzzzziz, z-z-z-z-ziz!' and ask him if he cooked corn beef or bacon with his spinach, and then papa, for I know his turrubul temper, would rough-house the flat.

"No. What I say is, if your people at home haven't advanced in culture among the brickyards, where, when you speak about manicuring, they think you're talking about a sanitarium, let 'em stay there.

"Well, the word is 'Woof!' for I'm off to the P. W. L. Fair, where I'm barking at a baking powder booth.


Come to see me and get a souvenir sample, and make a well-bred and rising young man of yourself.

“So long!”

**A TYPICAL BROADWAY
FIRST NIGHT**






 GENE CARR

"We're the Dandy Little Daisies of the Dingle."

A Typical Broadway First Night

The First Night of "The Mildewed Monarch" Was a Frost, Although the Ushers and the Friends of the Management Worked Hard—Gagger and Shine Blame It On Them Interpolated Songs, Mind You!

"If you want a toast from me," said the Show Girl, "it would be this: 'When you're doing something may there always be something doing!' For, I'll tell you what, the theatrical business is on the panhandle.

"Look at our first night of 'The Mildewed Monarch.' After the show was over the furnace flues were found choked with ice, and Louie Zinsheim-

er said that instead of the basket of roses he sent in to me, it should have been a 'Gates Ajar.'

"Now they're holding the inquest and are trying to place the blame.

"Gagger and Shine, who wrote the piece, claim it was them interpolated songs of the backer's brother-in-law; the star says it's because the comedians hogged her scenes, and the show girls were stalling friends in the audience, and the management overdressed 'em; and the comedians say it's because they wasn't featured and the selling-plater star couldn't get away with a part that a vaudeville sketch team-feeder would have eaten up.

"All I know is that I don't understand what's the matter with the public. Wasn't me and Amy De Branscombe, and Trixie Maginnis, and Della Fortescue, and Bella La Rue, and Goldie McGee, and Irene Murphy, and Clara Melrose on eight times, a change of costume for each octet, and you

know everybody is just crazy about octets?

"Wasn't there three handsome tenors in uniform as naval lieutenant lovers, each with a ballad bellow and covered with calcium?

"Why, the costumes cost \$40,000, and the scenery and props cost \$20,000 more, and Gagger and Shine got \$200 for the book and music.

"The comedians was all allowed to gag about medicated mush and almost-oats, and all them breakfast food wheezes that is sure for a laugh, and didn't Larry O'Cohen, as the Chinese Swede, do his specialty of playing the piano with his feet, in the sand storm in the Sahara scene? And that bit has been good for five hundred a week for him for the past twenty years in vaudeville.

"But that's what you get trying to educate the public.

"Why, Billy Bacon—you know the old Tony Pastor turn of 'The Break-

fast Brothers, Liver and Bacon?' Liver is in a sanitarium, but Bacon's with us. Why, Billy Bacon did their big bit of putting out Larry O'Cohen's cigar with a seltzer siphon, and then doing back somersaults off while O'Cohen gave him the slap-stick, and it never got a hand!

"For ten years that bit has been good for three recalls, and it was done in the great cathedral scene, too.

"Of course, the ushers and the friends of the managers and those interested in the production, who had only been paid something on account, stamped splendidly for us. But no matter how hard they hit their hands it wouldn't do. And when the musical director gave the star and our octet in our amethyst ten thousand dollar gowns—they really did cost three hundred dollars apiece—a sixth recall—when a man in the gallery dropped his cane, because the ushers had fainted from



"Louie and Abie helped give us a reception."

exhaustion—why, a lot of people actually hissed.

“The four earlier octet songs with the star had been given as high as ten recalls; and one of them, the first recall of ‘We’re the Dandy Little Daisies of the Dingle,’ and the coon shout and cakewalk ‘Coontown Coquettes,’ had been genuine, with hardly any help from the house employees, who were saving themselves for the hard work later on.

“Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Woglebaum and Diamond Dan Drennan and Mama De Branscombe had the stage box, and Mama De Branscombe kicked off the French heels from her opera slippers before the first act was over and had to be carried to her cab.

“Of course Louie and Abie helped give us a reception—and the funny thing was, the star thought it was for her. But that was because the manager had given them the box and kept

his eye on them, but my, how Louie and Abie has knocked our show in the downtown wholesale district!

"Then, at the end of the show, the other managers on Broadway closed early and sent their ushers to help our first night wind up in an ovation, and they lined up fresh as daisies at the back and hollered 'Speech! Speech!' and made the star and the manager and his nine brothers thank each other for spending so much money, and Gagger and Shine for writing the book and music to fit the costumes and scenery in three days.

"Then the flowers was passed over the footlights, and taken off and out through the stage door and around to the front of the house and down the aisle and on to the stage in an endless chain for fifteen minutes.

"We could see the audience fighting its way out through the ushers and those interested in the production, like bulldogs.

"All the critics had jumped out at the fall of the first curtain to get new handles in their hammers, and I knew the manager, and Gagger and Shine, and the star and the comedians would be rapped till they rattled, and our stay on Broadway would be only until Gagger and Shine could write another musical comedy.

"I could see the icicles forming on the fresco, but I hollered, 'It's a hit!' and congratulated the manager like everybody else did before they hurried out to grab people they knew and tell them how rotten the show is.

"Of course, Gagger and Shine say the show was knocked because them newspaper men is jealous because they can't get their things produced, and our manager and his nine brothers say the syndicate has all the critics on salary to put him out of business, but he has the exclusive use of Gagger and Shine, who can write words and music quicker than any other two men

in their line; and look what a hit their 'King Kafoozelum' was fifteen years ago.

"And will I go on the road if the show is taken off?"

"Ask me!"

"Say, I'd rather be a show girl on Broadway than a star with a gilt-edged guarantee that plays brickyard metropolises."

LONESOME FOR HOME



"I'm tired of New York. I'm sick of the stage."

Lonesome for Home

Wait and You'll Hear How the Show Girl
Was Ostracised In Altoona, But For All
That She's Homesick and Just As Blue
As She Can Be.

"My gracious, if Harry Trimmers doesn't make me that mad sometimes that I'd break every pane of glass in his face if I wasn't a lady!" said the Show Girl, as she flounced out of the stage entrance after Saturday matinée.

"Yes, I'd break every pane of glass in his face, for you know he's wearing eye transoms now. Is he near-sighted? Say, Harry Trimmers can see what's in it for him quicker than Louie Zinsheimer multiplied by Abie Wogglebaum can, and that's a pair of

pacers that don't need no wind shield to getting first at a business proposition.

"No, Harry Trimmers thinks his eyeglasses look stylish without costing much to maintain, and, anyway, he found them somewhere, and that's why he wears them.

"His father's awful rich and makes him a big allowance, but Harry Trimmers is so stingy that he wouldn't eat a cold potato in the sunlight for fear his shadow would ask him for a bite.

"And you know how it is when you are out with a shellbark. You let him tour you around town on transfers in the hope that some day he'll loosen up and buy you something nice.

"But all you get from Harry Trimmers is promises. Say, in the restraining of the impulse of prodigality he makes Russell Sage look like an under-study.

"He'll cruise around with the fleet from dusk till dawn, but every time the

waiter starts to tot up what it comes to he hurries away to wash his hands.

"Say, Harry Trimmers has the cleanest hands you ever saw; you never see any dust on them.

"After Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum and Diamond Dan Drennan have cut into their coin and have distributed blond bills like as if they were circulars sent second class, Harry runs up the elevated railroad stairs first and hollers, 'I'm going to pay!' and then makes us miss two trains while he argues angrily with the ticket seller over a Canadian quarter.

"Abie and Louie wouldn't stand for him a minute, but they want to keep his confidence until they can get him into some scheme to sting him till he screams.

"And what do you think? He had the impudence to tell me that Louie Zinsheimer was a kike! It isn't true. Louie Zinsheimer is interested in a cloak factory that may or may not be

non-union, but Louie says business is so bad and there are so many fires in the wholesale district these days that he can't tell what may happen.

"So, as far as I am concerned, and Mama De Branscombe and Amy agree with me, I think it is much worse to have money and not want to spend it than to not have it and want to spend it, like poor Dopey McKnight.

"Dopey is doing well now. He's playing in a restaurant for his meals, but he ain't cheered up a bit, because he's not allowed to smoke cigarettes in the place while he's playing. Still, he says it's a hard winter and he ought to be happy. Now, if he could only find a misfit clothing parlor that needed a piano player so he could rag his way into a suit of clothes. What?

"Abie Wogglebaum is getting so fat he looks like a rolltop desk. He wants to know some good way to reduce his weight about thirty or forty pounds without taking medicine or

eating things he don't like or taking exercise. You don't know any such a way? No? Why, I thought you was a wiseheimer!

"I guess you heard about Trixie Maginnis leaving our show. No? Why, say, have you been living in the suburbs? Yes, she ain't a show girl in 'Mama's Home Again.' Her chum, Mazie Montessor, told everybody that Trixie had made a fortune in Wall Street and was going to star, but she afterward told all us girls in confidence that Trixie had stayed away because her fiancé had given her another black eye and their engagement was off this time for sure. Isn't it terrible when sweethearts have tiffs? Why, you might as well be married.

"And such is gay life in a great city. Say, I've got the blues and a headache, and I'm homesick. I'm tired of New York. I'm sick of the stage. Everybody in New York is only affectionate to you on pay-day. All the

nice fellows you know are married, all the brokers are broke. There's no excitement in New York unless you are spending more money than other people, and nobody seems to have any to spend. What's the use?

"Give me a medium-sized town, where a city councilman's daughter gets socially ostracised for putting on her brother's Sunday clothes and going up in the gallery to see Bessie Bell's Boisterous Blond Burlesquers.

"That's why I went on the stage, if you want to know. For, three weeks afterward there was a picture of me, drawn beautiful, with striped stockings, only it didn't look anything like me, in the *Police Gazette*, and a whole lot of people who knew me in Altoona and who had always cut their own hair up to that, went to Tony's Elite Tonsorial Parlor just to see it.

"I couldn't stand the disgrace, and I ran away and went on the stage. But when we played that town with the

Ideal All-Star Stock Company we had crowded houses for a week, and even the paper that had always opposed my papa politically spoke of me as 'One of Altoona's fairest daughters, now displaying her undoubted histrionic talents at the opera house.'

"But there's nothing in a theatrical career. I wish I had stayed home, where the only social relaxation was going down to the depot to see the trains come in; or getting engaged to commercial travelers, who borrow a ring from you for a keepsake and promise to send you a better one from the next town, and don't.

"I'll be homesick for a week, and yet I know if I went back home on a visit I'd get sore because the only place to go out at night is to an ice cream parlor, with oilcloth on the floor, that closes up at ten o'clock, except during the week the Knights of the Golden Eagle are holding their annual bazaar.

"Think of ice cream and oilcloth this weather! The memory of it is enough to give me a toothache.

"There hasn't been a scandal in town, my married sister writes me, since my last visit, except that Stella Johnson, whose father keeps the livery stable, is back home, expelled from boarding school, and is supposed to be teaching some of her closest friends in Altoona's younger set to smoke cigarettes, which has society in Altoona on the *qui vive*.

"Say, do you collect trading stamps?"

BECKONED FROM BROOKLYN



"I seen Dopey McKnight in Brooklyn yesterday, pushing a baby carriage."

Beckoned from Brooklyn

What Do You Think? Harry Trimmers
Saw Dopey McKnight Pushing a Baby
Carriage In Brooklyn.—They Had To
Blindfold Him and Back Him Out!

“What with the theater-going public doing the disappearing audience act and our show going to close on Friday—say, Friday is an unlucky number!—and Mama De Branscombe coming home with a nervous look and a lot of small silver articles in her muff, it’s no wonder I’m dizzy in me head and would have nervous prostration if I could afford it,” said the Show Girl, as she felt her belt at the back.

“You mustn’t breathe it to a soul, but you know Mama De Branscombe

was accused of committing kleptomania once, and when she starts out with glittering eyes to shop during the holiday rush, Amy and I never get out of the sphere of influence of the telephone in the hall.

"Amy, poor girl, is just worried to a shadow about the way she's taking on flesh, and this coming on top of her mother's irritability when we keep her in the house during the holiday rush in the department stores, and our anxiety about whether she will return undisgraced, and we having to look as if we believed it when she tells us she took the wrappers off the things in the cars to see if the clerk had made a mistake, it's no wonder we don't care how old is Ann!

"And you heard about Dopey McKnight! No? Well, we had our own troubles, but we saved Dopey.

"Say, he ought to be dramatized under the title of 'Found in Flatbush; or, Beckoned Back from Brooklyn.'

"You know about me telling you how our show, 'The Mildewed Monarch,' was produced as the biggest hit in the way of a cold storage success this fearfully frapped season has known?

"Well, Dopey was hired to keep circulating in the box office line to buy real tickets with real money on the opening night. Dopey's lines were (spoken loudly), 'Give me two of the best in the house! The two Mr. Vanderbilt telephoned about earlier in the day. We hear it's a great show!'

"Then Dopey would take them out and slip them to the house speculator and wait his turn in the line for more. The captain of the supers had fifteen men employed buying tickets on the endless chain plan, and in a fatal moment he took his eye off Dopey, and Dopey, with eight real dollars in his pocket, hiked to the hemlocks, purring like a panther.

"We was to have a little party at

the flat New Year's Eve, and knew we'd need Dopey to paw the ivories. And what do you think? Dopey never showed up for a meal or to borrow money to get his overcoat out of pawn, or to cry about how nobody would trust him with any more money because he couldn't afford to pay what he already owed.

"I don't care if a lot of people do say Dopey is a dead one. He is a genius when you push him against a piano, and I'm true to a friend whether he is up on Easy Street or down in Poverty Row. As for him doing the leap for life with eight dollars of the management's, that was his own business. Dopey was honest as the day with us; he never took a thing out of the flat, and, anyway, we always watched him.

"So I tipped Moxie, the newsy, who goes in the cafés, to tell Louie and Abie we wanted to see them outside. I tipped Moxie to pipe all the free lunch

layouts down the line for Dopey, or to run into any family resort where he heard a piano playing 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget!' For Dopey is really the author of it, though Charley Gagger claims he wrote it and draws the royalties; but there was no news from Dopey.

"Mama De Branscombe, who always roasts poor Dopey, although goodness knows he is always polite to her, even when she's telling how refined her people is, and you know Amy's father kept a livery stable for night hawk hackmen and used to swear alibis for them when they were arrested for trimming a lush, and Amy's brother is up at the Elmira Ref—not that I would say a word about them, because it's bad luck to knock, and Amy, poor girl!—although she is nobody's beauty, and the way she makes up is dreadful—has a lovely disposition.

"Well, as I was saying, even Mama

De Branscombe was worried about poor Dopey and would cry because there was nobody around to run out and get a pint for her when the bottled beer was all out, and she'd shake her head and say she knew that poor Dopey was laying in an unknown grave beneath the weeping willows, or else had gone gallantly to a watery death deep in the cold, cruel sea, so's some treacherous relative might inherit his ancestral halls in the McKnight house, which a wealthy ladies' under garment maker bought in at the sheriff's sale twenty years ago.

"We was all that worried about Dopey that we had almost made up our mind to pay somebody to play the piano at the party, when who should turn up at the flat—too broke, of course, to take us out to dinner, or said he was—but Harry Trimmers.

"Even before he could ask if anyone had a cigarette, Harry Trimmers blurts out, 'I seen Dopey McKnight

in Brooklyn yesterday pushing a baby carriage.'

"At these words Mama De Branscombe exclaimed: 'The monster has been leading a double life!' and fell over in a swoon.

"And then, for the first time, I was wise to it that Mama De Branscombe had her eye on Dopey to marry him in case any of his relatives, who are all penniless now, should come into their property again and remember Dopey in their wills.

"And then Harry Trimmers told us that he was over on Hancock Street collecting rents for his father—Harry Trimmers, the stingy thing, never holds out a cent except to blow himself—when who should come along but Dopey, pushing a baby carriage full of twins! Harry gave him the high sign, but Dopey looked up at him, cross-eyed, and answered him back with a hare-lip accent, 'You're mistaken, sir!'

"There was only one conclusion to come to—either Dopey was leading a double life, or the having of eight dollars all at once had driven him insane.

"So we got Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum and Harry Trimmers, who we knew would keep poor Dopey's awful secret, and we went over to Brooklyn to rescue him.

"We found the house Harry had seen Dopey pull the baby carriage into, and we rang the bell. Dopey comes to the door and we grab him.

"Would you believe it? He commenced to rave violently, and call, 'Auntie!' and as a result we had to blindfold him like a horse and back him out of Brooklyn. We got a cab at the United States end of the bridge and drove furiously to Jack's. Even here he was still delirious and cried, 'Water! Water!' and we knew then that he was still out of his head.

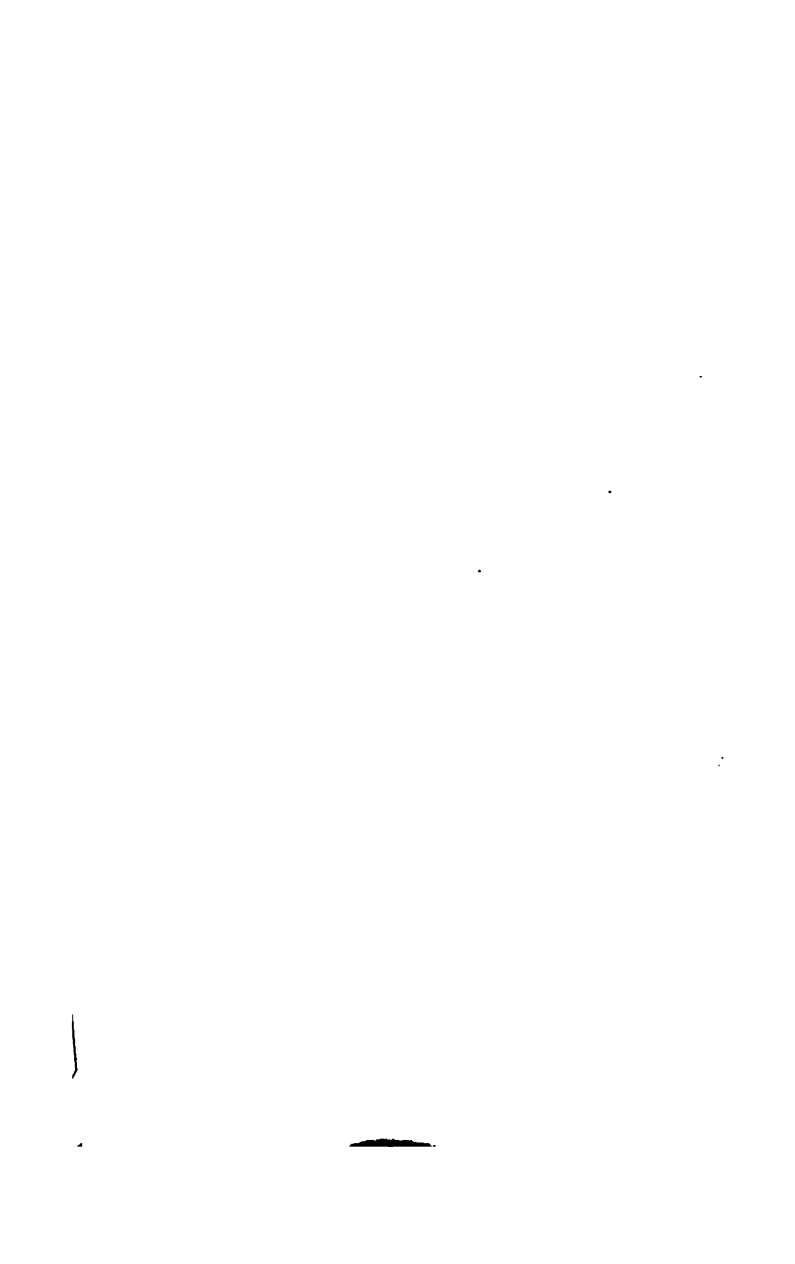
"We got eight highballs and a bun-

ny into him, and after a while he was able to recognize his friends.

"Then he told us that when he ducked with the eight dollars he changed it into dimes, and buzzed through Brooklyn temperance hotels as a mysterious millionaire, who played the piano for his health.

"While at a church festival one night he was recognized by his aunt, who took him home, and, having no servant, had used Dopey as a Swede nurse.

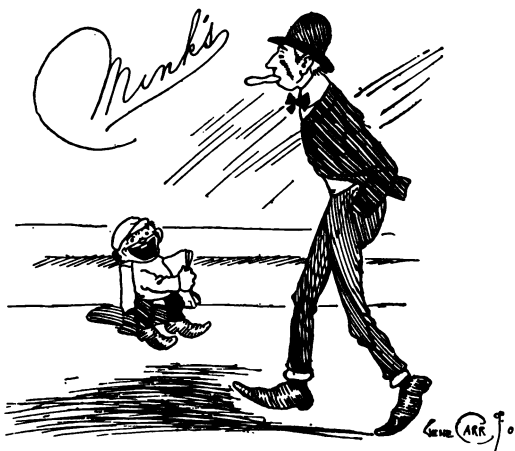
"He said he thought it was getting his meals regular and having a place to sleep in that turned his brain, for up to the time he recovered consciousness in Jack's he imagined he had always been an inmate of Brooklyn."



A NEW YEAR'S EVE RECEPTION



LOUIE'S BOOBS.



"I gave Dopey McKnight one of Louie's cigars and a lady
finger, and he went down the street smoking
the cake, having eaten the cigar."

A New Year's Eve Reception

Abie Wogglebaum and Louie Zinsheimer
Brought Her a Big, Red Hand Bag and
a Magnum, and They Had a Lovely
Time—Wasn't They Nice?

“‘What has saddened Hilda Gilchrist's sunny nature?’ as Bertha M. Mudd says in her literary writings—Oh, I'm a great reader, of course. Amy De Branscombe wasn't educated in a convent like I was, and she has to read aloud to herself, and as for Mama De Branscombe, she only reads one book, ‘The Lunatic Lover; or, Such a Mad, Mad Marriage,’ and marks the place where she left off with the lettuce out of the club sandwich

she takes to bed with her, or else her hair switch, and as a consequence that book looks more like a leftover layer cake than a volume of select family fiction—but, as I was saying, what has saddened Hilda Gilchrist's sunny nature," said the Show Girl, pausing for breath and fanning herself with her muff, "is the happy new year.

"Of course, we celebrated New Year's Eve at our theater. I'm playing with 'Mama's Home Again,' since the 'Mildewed Monarch' died of falling off of the box-office receipts.

"I have a lovely part in 'Mama's Home Again.' I don't have to wear no tights, though I can wear them, which is more than Trixie Maginnis or Della Fortesque can without artificial aids to the framework of society, as Louie Zinsheimer says.


"Well, as I was saying, I've got a lovely part in 'Mama's Home Again.' I play an honest working girl—say, my costume cost me sixty dollars!

And I say, 'Here he comes, girls!' in the first act, and rush in with the college maidens in the campus scene, in the last act, and holler, 'Hurrah!'

"And one of my 'Hurrahs' is when all the rest on the stage is still. Everybody says I do it fine, but I'm afraid to put too much work in it, because if a girl has a part that she eats alive the star gets jealous and has it cut out.

"You didn't know that?

"Why, say, it's just like this: The star has gone off after baffling the murderers, so as to give a clear stage for the sextet in the 'Hug Me Harder, Harry,' song, and suddenly a laugh is heard from in front. At this the star will stick his or her head out of the dressing-room door, for it don't matter whether it's a man or lady star, they're all alike—well, as I was saying, the star hears a laugh in front, and asks, 'What's that?' and the assistant stage manager in the first entrance answers, 'One of the girls has a line



in her patter that hits 'em hard.' 'Cut it out!' screams the star, 'all the laughs in this show is for me. If that line can't be given to me, I want it cut out entirely, see?'

"And then the theatrical managers wonder why ticket speculators this season are starving in the snow. What?

"Oh, I was going to tell you about New Year's at our theater. Say, ain't you glad the holidays is over?

"Now, as I was a-telling you, the press agent thought it would be a good thing, and be featured by the papers, if we gave a New Year's love feast on the stage after the show and presented each other with diamond brooches.

"But this was given up, because, although the manager's brother-in-law, who has a mortgage on the show, is a pawnbroker and offered to lend the brooches, the steel chains he wanted them fastened with would have sort of taken the holiday spirit out of the good-will offering.

"It was all right to have them clinched to the table, too, but the reporters would have been on, for they was all let on behind the scenes, so the manager gave every member of the company a check for a thousand dollars in a cut gilt frame. I am going to put mine up in our cozy corner. Of course he had no money in the bank they was drawn on, but it was real good-hearted in his taking such pains to have them all numbered and the amounts punched out so nicely.

"We had a special *matinée* that day, and after the night show Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum took us out to dinner at Shanley's—say, Shanley's gives the loveliest New Year's souvenirs. Why, we held a reception at the flat.

"Mama De Branscombe was in tears and her nightgown, when we got home, and denounced Amy as an ungrateful and unnatural child for not sending her word that Louie and Abie

were going to take us to Shanley's, and her sitting up alone, except for Dopey McKnight, with nothing to eat but ten cents worth of pig's knuckles she had got early in the evening. Here, while we had been indulging in riotous living, she said, and her having to sit up in a cheerless flat with nothing to drink but bottled beer, and Dopey McKnight winning back the quarter he had borrowed from her, because they played seven-up at five cents a corner, just to pass the time away. And altogether, Mama De Branscombe carried on dreadful till Dopey hollered out, 'But look what's behind you!' and there on the sideboard was a magnum of wine Abie had brought under his overcoat and a red pocketbook, one of the big ones, with a ten-dollar bill sticking out of it and Mama De Branscombe's initials on it. Only the initials were for Lollie Johnson; but she insulted Louie the day before Christmas by saying that Jerome Co-

gle was more of a wine opener and a gentleman than Louie was, and when we told Louie about it he took the red purse he had bought to give Lollie for New Year's and brought it to Mama De Branscombe.

"I wonder if Mama De Branscombe really can read? I know she holds 'The Lunatic Lover; or Such a Mad, Mad Marriage,' right side up, but then it has a heavy top line, and I notice she never trusts herself with any other book, and only keeps abreast of the story as Violet, our colored maid, reads it aloud to her.

"Honest, Mama thinks 'L. J.' on that pocketbook Louie gave her stands for 'M. De B.'

"When she saw her gifts she hollered 'Happy New Year, everybody!' and gave Dopey all the bottled beer in the house for opening the magnum for her.

"Then Louie telephoned over for a

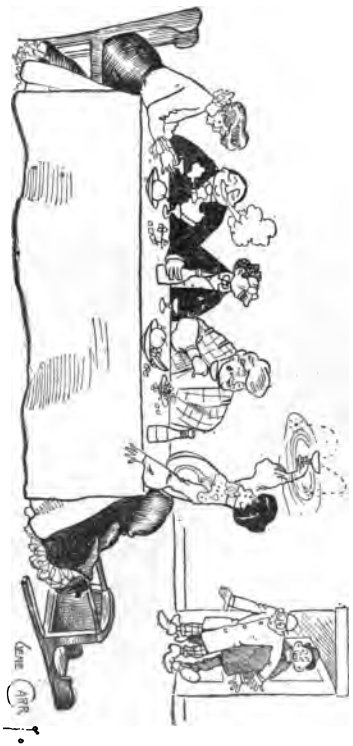
basket of White Seal, and we drank the New Year in.

"The last thing I remember was when we broke up to go to rehearsal, I gave Dopey McKnight one of Louie's cigars and a lady finger, and he went down the street smoking the cake, having eaten the cigar before he got out of the vestibule.

"But, say, he's a real musician, and the way his wife treats him is what caused his life to blight.

"Well, anyway, A Happy New Year, and remember, as Louie Zinsheimer says, fire insurance is the best policy!"

AMY BACK IN TOWN



"In the midst of the cheers and tears entered Harry Trimmers the original
Mr Butinski and Dopey McKnight."

Amy Back in Town

Mama De Branscombe Had An Awful
Time Escaping from Paterson on Trad-
ing Stamps, While Amy Was Coming
Home on the B. & O.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Jack's," said the Show Girl, as she twisted the tinfoil tighter around her bunch of violets: "Whatever would we have done without that life-saving station when Amy pops back from Pittsburg and Mama De Branscombe escapes from captivity in Paterson?"

"Yesterday, after the matinée, who should be at the door in a cab but Abie Wogglebaum. He has a telegram from Amy dated Pittsburg, and

reading 'Let Lulu know, and ma also. I'm coming home on the B. & O.'

"What, you didn't know Amy wrote poetry? Say, you ought to hear some of the toasts she gets up out of her own head, and she wrote most of the words in Dopey McKnight's songs, 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget' and 'Lured by Gold, She Left Her Happy Home.'

"Oh, Amy hasn't much of a figure and she's ruined her complexion, poor girl, but she's real literary.

"Well, as I was telling you, since we broke up house Mama De Branscombe went on a visit to her sister-in-law in Paterson, I took a room in a theatrical boarding house, and poor Dopey started to star in that grim tragedy of real life, 'Almost an Out-cast.'

"Of course, Dopey only gets his meals at the restaurant where he plays the piano, and he has to give 'em 'Parsifal' and 'Bedelia' the whole time,

because there's nineteen musical directors of shows that's closed offering to take his place and only eat half as much as Dopey does.

"After the restaurant closes, now that we have give up the flat and our things is in storage, Dopey is a homeless wanderer, so he goes to a rathskeller that has an all-night license and offers to play the piano for his sleep. And now you know why they call him Dopey! Here, every time he fell asleep at the piano, the patrons of the select family resort would turn the siphons on him.

"We didn't know about this till afterward. Anyway, there was Abie Wogglebaum with the telegram from Amy De Branscombe, and the next thing was to get word to Mama De Branscombe in Paterson.

"I hunted all through my addresses but couldn't find Mama De Branscombe's, and I was worrying about what I would do, that night on my

way to the theater, when I seen a lady in a shawl standing under the Casino electric sign taking the new light cure with calisthenics.

"It was Mama De Branscombe. She threw her arms around me and screamed, 'Oh, Lulu, I dreamed the storage people broke my cut-glass salad bowl we took away from the Oriental Hotel last summer as a souvenir!'

"There was a wild look in her eyes, but after ten more minutes under the Casino sign she realized she was on Broadway once again and became calm.

"Now, Mama De Branscombe has her faults, but there never was a better-hearted person or a more perfect lady, when she knows she has to behave.

"She told me her relations in Pater-son treated her turrubul. They never kept anything to drink in the house, and just because they missed the

baby's bank, shortly after she had gone out for a walk that day in Paterson, the whole family abused her tur-rubul when she come back; threw up to her that she had been accused of committing kleptomania in New York, and took her sealskin coat and locked it up until she made good the sixty-four cents in money and seven hundred and ninety dollars worth of trading stamps they had saved up to buy a gilt chair.

"For a while, after coming in out of the air, she said, Mama De Branscombe was prostrated and she fell over in a swoon, and they wouldn't even get her aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"When she came to she found she had been submitted to the indignity of a search, but fortunately, as Mama De Branscombe said, her husband's people are of the working classes and they never even thought of looking in her stocking—if they had they would have gotten my pawn tickets, too, for

Mama De Branscombe told me, in the confusion of breaking up housekeeping the week before, she had taken them out of my bureau drawer without knowing why.

"After her cruel relations were asleep, Mama De Branscombe found a shawl and a safety pin and escaped in the storm.

"She had no money left, but, fortunately, the Erie Railroad will take trading stamps, and she landed at Twenty-third Street, where she was fortunate enough to catch sight of 'Trim the Lush Larry,' the cabbie who always drives us, and he brought her over to Broadway for nothing.

"Of course, he dumped her out somewhat sudden, but he saw a fur overcoat jag coming rolling up the sidewalk in front of the Casino, and he had to get him before some other nighthawk did, and business is business with Larry every time.

"And Mama De Branscombe was

just recovering from the horrors of the inhuman treatment she had received and having to go to bed at ten o'clock the whole week she was in Jersey when I came up to her.

"I took her into the glass house at Forty-second Street, and in a few minutes John, the Dutch waiter, was making hotfoot trips between our table and the Considine medicine chest, and Mama De Branscombe was almost her old self when I broke the joyful news that Amy was playing Phoebe Snow on the B. & O. At these words Mama De Branscombe went into hysterics till the proprietor protested.

"I kept her behind the scenes with the wardrobe woman till after the show, and Louie Zinsheimer came in his new automobile and took us to Jack's. We did nothing but talk of how glad Amy would be to go out riding with us in Louie's automobile, and Louie promised Mama De Branscombe to send his brother, who is a

police-court lawyer, over to Paterson to recover her sealskin; and if his brother couldn't bluff it away from them—for if they charged her board it would be more than the old red thing was worth—Louie said he'd buy her a new one. Louie also said he'd advance the first month's rent for a nice apartment and get our things out of storage.

"Isn't he good-hearted? But then he can afford to, because—I guess you heard it, too—his cloak factory was a total loss by fire and the adjuster is his uncle's brother-in-law.

"We were so excited we couldn't eat a thing, even if we had wanted to, when up drove Amy with Abie.

"All the waiters crowded round and shook hands with us, and Mama De Branscombe and Amy and I all fainted, and Louie ordered wine for everybody, and the sorrows of the awfulest season of theatrical frost Broadway has ever known were forgotten.

"But, then, there can be no great joy in life but something comes along to crab it, and in the midst of the cheers and tears Harry Trimmers, the original Mr. Buttinski, gum-shoes in, the man with the soldered fist!

"Right behind him was Dopey McKnight, setting up a scream like as if some one had run over a dog.

"But in the general joy nobody said a word to either of them, although Harry Trimmers gathered up the Pittsburg bananas Amy had brought with her as souvenirs, saying his father liked stogies better than anything, and Dopey turned his tonsils into a filtering plant for fizz.

"Come round to see us when we get settled!"

7

.

A PLEASANT PARTY





"The sort of fellow who pulls you through the puddles
on a rainy night and drags you into
damp, drippy street cars."

A Pleasant Party

The Bunch Went to Jack's to Get a Bunny,
and Dopey McKnight Butted Into Trou-
ble—Say, Ain't Harry Trimmers Stingy?

"I don't care how much money Harry Trimmers has, he's burned his fuse with me," said the Show Girl, as she called us over to her table. "Long ago I told Amy De Branscombe that he was a half-portion, but Amy said while there's life there's hope, and maybe the day would come when Harry Trimmers would be able to break a dollar without also breaking into tears, but I don't know. He starts out bravely to spend his money, but his heart fails him at the finish. I've known him to order the swellest kind

of clothes and have them lined with farmer's satin. He's the sort of fellow who pulls you through the puddles on a rainy night and drags you into damp, drippy street cars and says, 'Phew, you can't get a cab a night like this for love or money!' But he loves his money too much to try.

"Why? Huh! Why is a cat?

"Now, to go out with Louie Zinsheimer or Abie Wogglebaum is as constantly comfortable as a dog under a bed. I'd slap you in the face if you was to say anything against them to me, because when a friend is a real friend I say we should appreciate 'em. What?

"In comparison to Louie Zinsheimer or Abie Wogglebaum, Harry Trimmers looks like a piece of accordion-plaited cheese.

"We all went over to Jack's the other night after the show to get a bunny. And you don't know what a bunny is? Why, a welsh rabbit. Say,

I thought you was a violator of the speed ordinance, too!

"Well, we goes over to Jack's to get a bunny, and who should we meet there but Diamond Dan Drennan, who pushes Sealskin Rye, and Jerome Coogle, whose father's made one of the biggest fortunes in America because he always sold goods below cost.

"Suppose they do talk shop—about 'if at first you don't succeed, why, fail, fail again,' and dispute as to whether it's better to go along as a conservative commercial man, having your annual retiring-from-business sale or else go up in a blaze of glory in a total loss by fire.

"Suppose Diamond Dan Drennan does talk as loud as a silent partner. Ain't every doll in the place halfway to hysterics when they hear the cold quarts at our table pop like balls out of a Roman candle?

"Well, it always rains when you've got a new hat. And who should butt

in but Dopey McKnight. And you know the very sight of Dopey, with the bottoms of his pants like epaulets, gets them welter-weight waiters at Jack's irresponsible for their actions.

"I had tenderloin steak *a la* epicure, with broiled fresh mushrooms. Dopey can point a beefsteak like a Gordon setter gets at a ruffled grouse. As the crow flies comes Dopey, swallowing his cigar, and not noticing the fact in his frenzy at the sight of food.

"He steps on the sore toe of Blond Charley, the waiter who is the j'jitsu expert, and who has mastered the art of looking you in the eyes and breaking your back—and then the sun dance began.

"The next time Dopey goes into Jack's he ought to have a door mat inserted in the back of his coat with the word 'Welcome' on it; for the way them waiters wiped their feet on him, uninvited, was certainly a breach of decorum.



"He steps on the sore toe of Blond Charley, the waiter."

"Amy got hysterics, and in the excitement Mama De Branscombe's hand got in Louie Zinsheimer's pocket. There it instinctively closed on a blond bale of twenty-dollar trading stamps, and it was fifteen minutes after the excitement subsided before she could get her fingers unclined.

"Of course, I made Diamond Dan Diennan and Abie Wogglebaum go to poor Dopey's rescue, Louie and Mama De Branscombe being mingled together. And as Diamond Dan and Abie and Louie are just about the biggest spenders that come to the place, of course they have everybody's respect, and after Diamond Dan had handed Iron Arm, the head waiter, and Blond Charley and a few of the other waiters a couple, they let go of Dopey and helped him to his feet and told him he ought to apologize.

"I have seen the flying wedge of waiters form at Jack's a dozen times, and I have never yet seen the nucleus

of the massacre restored to consciousness without he was told that the proper thing for him to do was to apologize.

"It was the same story with Dopey; the slaughter house Samaritans had no sooner ceased stamping out his vitals than they began to brush him off and hold napkins to his nose, and tell him he should be ashamed of himself, a gentleman like him, to come into a respectable place, where ladies was, and to act like a tough.

"Before his eyes was closed poor Dopey saw it all, and begged everybody to excuse him for getting his face in the way of the waiters' feet. Then everybody shook hands with him and slapped him on the back, where he was bruised the most, and told him he was all right, and when the cop came in to see what the row was about, after it was over, Dopey got indignant that he should think anybody in Jack's would raise their hands at him.

"This is the third time poor Dopey has been mangled beyond recognition in Jack's, and yet when they teased him about having to keep him out of the place if he didn't stop rough-housing it, poor Dopey smiled till he started his nose bleeding again and asked if he had hurt anybody very bad.

"By the time he had done a mysterious disappearance act with a bunny, some fried scallops and a double porterhouse and had got his fill in the way of wine, Dopey was insisting that Diamond Dan Drennan should feel his arm and told us how he had gained an inch in chest expansion since he had been eating Nearfood and stopped playing the piano to excess."



OLD HOME WEEK





"What I like," said the Show Girl, "is a perfect gentleman who can spend his money gracefully."

Old Home Week

Dopey McKnight Had No Dress Suit, But
He Was Fixed Up All Right Except He
Had On Blue Serge Pants—But He
Didn't Care.

"What I like," said the Show Girl, as she stopped rubbing her nose with her moleskin muff, "is a perfect gentleman who can spend his money gracefully. Harry Trimmers means well, but his work is all to the sandpaper; out in the limelight for Harry, and if there isn't a table vacant by a Broadway window Harry draws his cork out of that vicinity.

"Louis Zinsheimer is a smoother worker. There is a piano finish to the way he works that does you good. He

knows just what to order—say, did you ever eat scollops *soute a la* Maryland? Louie gave Shanley's chef ten dollars for the recipe, and he makes 'em in a chafing dish, sometimes, in the flat—that's if there's any alcohol in the house, for—and I wouldn't say anything that would hurt Amy De Branscombe's feelings for a minute, but alcohol certainly does evaporate quickly when her mother knows it's around.

“And when Mama De Branscombe goes around breathing hard and letting things fall out of her hands, poor Amy pretends it's nervous attack. Once I caught Mama De Branscombe drinking my cologne, and she pretended she was only smelling it. Not that I would say a word against the De Branscombes, but, of course, if you don't come from aristocrats and well educated people you can't help them things. And while I never like to brag, I do come from one

of the swellest old families of Altoona, and my mama has such high insteps that she always had to have her shoes made to order, which kept papa impoverished and drove him to drink.

"I inherit my mama's high instep, but, poor Amy! her ankles is that thick that she lets her skirts drag, rain or shine, and tries to tell me I'm a bold thing because I want to save my skirt binding and the bottom of my silk petticoats, and hoist 'em high, along the lane.

"But I was starting to tell you about going to Shanley's with the fleet the other night. Say, these are 'Old Home Weeks' at Shanley's. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the fact that the theatrical business is reduced to .49 has made it good for the Broadway restaurants.

"It ain't in New York alone that the drama's on the dink. Out in the whistling stations and the brickyard metropolises 'Town Hall To-Night' looks

like a day-after-election peek at the residence of the prosperous plumber who was the people's choice for pound-master up until the votes was counted.

"All over the land the Tom troupes walking back are kicking out the cows to find room for a box-stall siesta.

"'Lady Audley's Secret' is that she hasn't the price of a ticket back. The 'Two Orphans' are the first heavy and the pianist, who are locked in a refrigerator car at an isolated siding. The 'Hidden Hand' is that of the treasurer of the company, and it is secreting a quarter, and 'A Celebrated Case' is one dollar that the ingenue gets in a letter from home, and no one else in the repertoire believes is anything else but a Confederate.

"All over the land German comedians are going raving mad at the sight of food, and the very words 'Ten, Twenty and Thirty Cents' is a hollow mockery to the All-Star Stock

Companies who don't believe there's that much money in the world.

"Well, the hard times that comes a-knocking at the box office has brought back all the Broadway belles, and, as I started to tell you, it's 'Old Home Week' at Shanley's in consequence.

"The first I sees is Della Fortescue and Mazie Montessor. They was out with 'The Mildewed Monarch,' which only got as far as Newburg. Fortunately, navigation isn't wholly closed on the Hudson and they came back on a cargo of trap rock, the captain and crew of the barge treating them with the greatest respect and giving them their street car fare when they made a landing. Trixie McGinnis was there, too. Trixie was one of the original 'Florodora' sextet that made so much money in Wall Street, but, poor girl! she was foolish enough to change her broker about two months ago, and now she's down and out.

"Harry Trimmers was sitting at the front window with the wine cooler in a prominent position. Of course, Harry Trimmer's father is very rich and makes him an allowance, but he is too ornate and uneven in the way he blows.

"If the theaters is letting out, or if anybody he knows is peeking around the corner, Harry will scream for a cab like as if he took one when he wanted to cross the street, but if all is still and silent he says, 'Here comes our car!' and maybe he embarrasses you by trying to work off a time-expired transfer on the conductor.

"I don't know how the money came into the Trimmers family, but it wasn't by wholesale. For there is something in feather importing or cloak making that rouses the most generous instincts in a gentleman who has a lady out showing her a good time.

"Take Louis Zinsheimer, for in-



"We dug up an old dress coat and vest for Dopey,"



stance. He gets the best table, he gets the best waiter, he gets the best wine. Count Kessler, or Ed Thomson, or Edgar Gibbs Murphy couldn't get better treated than he does, and when he trots with Abie Wogglebaum it's all the blue ribbons for them.

"Just as we was ready to go out to dinner the other night who should butt in but Dopey McKnight. He cried like a child when he found we was going out. And it would have moved your heart to hear him when a rummage of the ice box disclosed nothing but a sticky quarter of a can of condensed milk and a bunch of left-over lettuce. 'If you was in dress, Dopey,' says Louie, for he's just that generous, 'I'd take you to Shanley's with us.' All of Dopey's harness, save what he stands in, is in hock, of course, but Amy digs up an old dress coat and vest of her brother, who, she says, is in college, but once I saw her mother have a nervous attack when she got a

letter from him with 'Elmira Reformatory' on the envelope.

"Well, as I was saying, we dug up an old dress coat and vest for Dopey, but all the pants we could find for him was the ones he had on, which were bright blue serge.

"Louie suggested that Dopey get a dozen gross of smoked spectacles and hand a pair to everybody who looked at him, and at these words Dopey grew so heartbroken and commenced to rave of how he loved his wife, who never spoke to him now that she had work and was so prosperous, and Louie was touched and said, 'Poor fellow! We may all be married ourselves some day!' and staked Dopey for a dollar.

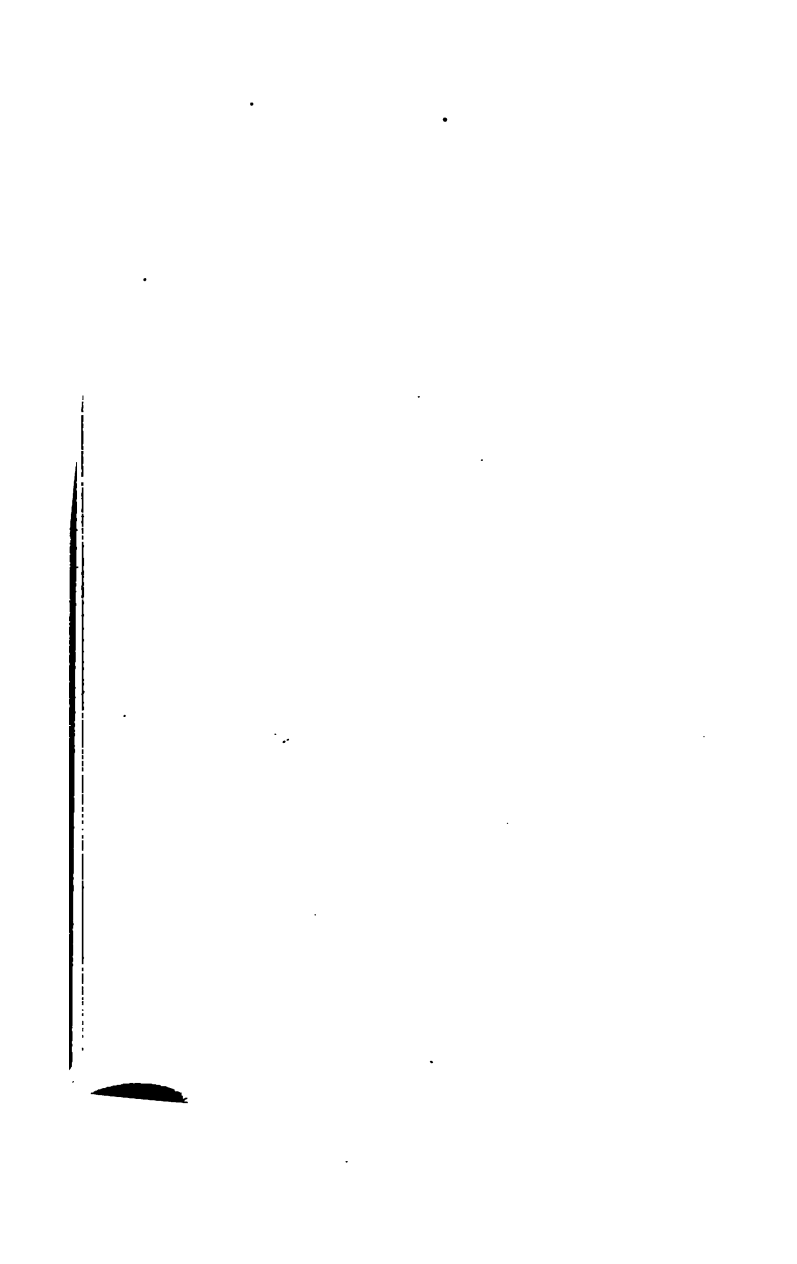
"Say, if you want to see the fleet in flying colors, warp into Shanley's any of these nights during 'Old Home Week.' "

**DOPEY McKNIGHT HAS PRE-
SENTIMENTS**





"Last night I dreamt of muddy water, and you know
that means bad luck."



Dopey McKnight Has Presentiments

Say, Do You Know That When Your Cigarette Won't Keep Lit It's a Sign of Bad Luck Coming?—Well You Just Ask Anybody!

"Say, are you superstitious?" asked the Show Girl. "Dopey McKnight says that it's a sure sign that something's going to come up to crab you if your cigarette keeps going out.

"And he ain't the only one to believe that if your cigarette keeps going out it's a sure hoodoo.

"Dopey says he had a box of pipes yesterday and every one he lit acted as if it was built of asbestos, and he helped Harry Trimmers to one—

Harry will smoke a cigarette if somebody gives it to him—and it burned like a Baltimore business block for him.

“Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Woglebaum are awful excited about that Baltimore fire. Louie says the insurance companies will be so hard hit that it won’t be safe for anybody to have a fire for a year.

“It’s just the same with peacock feathers. You just let a girl stick up a peacock feather in the dressing room and you can be sure the show will close. I saw the loveliest little black velvet toque, trimmed on the edges just with the close laid eyes of peacock feathers, but I wouldn’t no more think of wearing it—even if it was reduced from \$27.77 to \$21.98—no more than I would think of whistling in the dressing room.

“What? You don’t know that if a girl whistles in the dressing room somebody is going to get fired—not

the girl who whistles, but the girl nearest the door? Yes, indeedy.

"Of course, I ain't superstitious, except about walking under a ladder or spilling the salt or breaking a looking-glass, because I think superstition is just a sign of ignorance, but I tell you I felt a cold chill go up my back, which is a sure sign somebody's walking over your grave, when Dopey McKnight commenced to cry at the piano and said his cigarette had gone out again.

"He thinks it's something personal; that the publisher of his songs, 'Lured By Gold, She Left Her Happy Home,' 'My Baboon Baby' and 'Mama's Home Again Two-Step,' dedicated to Mama De Branscombe, will bilk him out of his royalties, or that his wife will have him arrested for committing alimony—and the joke of it is that she never sends him a cent.

"All the actors that know Dopey say they can't understand such an un-

faithful wife, and she doing so well in art-posing in vaudeville, too. Dopey thinks it will be some bad luck to him, but the queer part of a hoodoo is that it radiates like radium.

"A hoodoo is contagious; Dopey's cigarette going out may mean 'to your house, tears!' like when the spades run your way telling fortunes by the cards.

"The bad luck may not be for Dopey—anyway, he's an immune; how can bad luck hurt him? He has neither bed nor board, the only clothes he has is what's in hock and what he stands in—and the tickets have run out on what's in hock. He plays the piano for a living and don't get it; his songs sell and he gets shown the doctored books, 'Nothing but a net loss, you should be glad we don't sue you,' by his publishers; neither this wife nor the one he had last season ever sends him a cent; and yet, by the way

he sits and moans, you would think it a case of all lost but honor.

"Mama De Branscombe is in hysterics, and Amy De Branscombe is so nervous that she forgot her lines, 'Ah, here he comes now!' in the show last night and was fined \$10, only that's a joke because nobody ain't been paid anything but promises since the second week.

"I do hope it means nothing bad for Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum, the human meal tickets. I think it must be for me, and last night I dreamt of muddy water, and you know what that means? That means bad luck, just like dreaming of a wedding.

"Mama De Branscombe says that the morning after she dreamed of a wedding her second husband served divorce papers on her, attacking her character, so that for Amy's sake she wouldn't go into court on account of the disgrace, and the inhuman wretch

got a divorce without alimony, and he had just opened a club house in West Fortieth Street in which the police captain in that precinct was a silent partner, and besides that he had always been a good provider, because he was one of the most respected business men in the wire-tapping business, and there wasn't a gentleman who went into the Rossmore that wore a bigger shirt spark.

"Mama De Branscombe is so agitated over some impending calamity that she has no interest in life, and would just as leave eat cold canned baked beans as to go out for a broiled lobster, or have pig's knuckles and sauerkraut at home. And you know how she always raved over pig's knuckles.

"Maybe our show's going to close. There was only eighty people in the house last night, and seventy-six of them was paper—and our manager is

offering the highest cash prices for audiences, too.

"Of course, we ain't getting paid, but as I said before, it's better to be with a show, even if you don't get paid, than to be walking Broadway for your health these days.

"Is there cabs waiting for you then? Are you asked out to dinner after the show? Well, I guess nitski. I tell you, there is a glamour about grease paint and a haze about the calcium that keeps the live ones running toward you begging you to let them buy you money.

"You can tell your friends you're 'resting,' but it don't go. They let you keep on resting, and they'll pass up a girl that looks like Lillian Russell coming from a beauty show, who isn't in the limelight, to shower sunbursts on a grass widow, with three colors of hair and a burglar-proof face, who stands center in the last row and is only on as an extra because

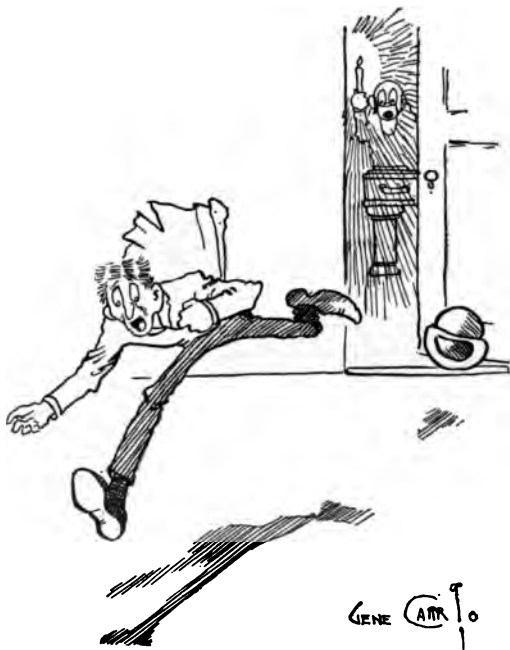
some creditor of the manager gets her on to keep her from suing him for breach of promise.

"A girl in the theatrical profession knows she can't afford to keep out of it one minute. Any night some prominent real-estate man may be in front who'll like your looks and star you next season—but if they don't see you on the stage they don't see you at all.

"And that's why I ask you are you superstitious and do you believe in signs, because Dopey's premonitions have given us that frapped fearfulness that the worst is yet to come?

"You never heard of the cigarette-going-out hoodoo? Say, do you only come into town on circus day?

"Of course I know we oughtn't to pay any attention to Dopey McKnight, but I tell you something's going to happen. Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum have gone wrong on cotton. Mama De Branscombe found four gray hairs in her pompadour.



Dopey McKnight strikes a burial institution by mistake.



Amy has the blues and I'm breaking down under the strain of playing 'Little Sunshine' round the flat. As for Dopey, he's more 'dopey' than ever. Let me tell you what he did last night.

"He went down to his music publishers to get some money, although he knows nobody ever trusts him with money, even his own. And the member of the musical firm, 'Cast-Iron Izzy,' who is paid to take the clamoring composers out and shoot high balls into them till they forget it, took Dopey out into a café where the bar goods is celebrated for its corrosiveness, and after he is so dazed that he signs a full receipt for the money he didn't get, Dopey is steered Westward, ho!

"In this condition of conscious oblivion he does a two-step up Eighth Avenue, and such is his state that he thinks he is in on Broadway.

"Well, he strikes a burial institution, which is a place where people

who live in flats, and haven't room at home for such things, hold their funerals.

"There is parlor 'A' and parlor 'B,' down to parlor 'X,' and an obsequies at full blast in every one.

"They have community music, and sopranos with weepy voices to wring the mourners' bosoms with 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and those other mortuary popular songs.

"Dopey sees the electric lights, the flowers in the lobby, and hears the music, and thinks he's stacking up against a first night, and in he goes.

"A secret society is doing the last sad rites over a departed brother, and they walk around the nucleus of the affair singing a dirge. Dopey looks up and sees the uniforms, sees the surpliced choir, and up he gets to his feet hollering, 'Let me out! I'm tired of these blooming musical comedies!'

"Say, why don't he blow out the gas?"

**HOW HARRY TRIMMERS GOT
STUNG.**





HARRY TRIMMERS, TRIMMED!

Harry Trimmers, The Show Amy. Mamma. Abie. Louie.
(Stung!) Dopey McKnight.



How Harry Trimmers Got Stung

He Made a Fatal Play When He Offered to
Bet He Had More Money Than Anyone
Else Had—That Was What Louie and
Abie Were Waiting For.

“I feel like waving the flag and hol-
lering ‘All over!’” said the Show
Girl. “Dopey McKnight’s premoni-
tion come true. The hoodoo went off
according to schedule, and guess who
it was that didn’t know it was loaded?

“Why, Harry Trimmers. He’s over
at the flat totally disabled, while Abie
Wogglebaum and Louie Zinsheimer,
who tucked the torpedo under him, are
getting bulletins over the telephone as
to whether he will survive the shock.

"Remember me telling you of how Dopey McKnight's cigarette kept going out and how all the cards run to spades every time we told fortunes?

"Well, Harry Trimmers, who in all matters save money has the intelligence of a landlocked salmon, got it given to him grandly.

"Mama De Branscombe played first aid to the injured, and he carried on so terribly about it that it would break your heart to listen to him.

"He's had hysterics over it, and even when he fell into a fitful slumber he kept screaming out in his sleep, and we felt so sorry for him that every time we wanted to laugh about it we had to go out in the dining room and shut the door.

"Harry Trimmers, the man with the soldered fist, has got it, and got it good!

"I guess I told you how we put up with him all this while when he never loosened up? Well, the books are bal-

anced now, and, temporarily, at least, Harry Trimmers has gone into the hands of a receiver.

"Louie Zinsheimer worked it beautiful. You know, Harry Trimmers always carries a wad of money so's to be ready to put it out on loans on good security at short notice. And as he never spends a cent, he always has enough to go a station-house bond and more.

"Louie and Abie first thought to get him in mining stocks, but Harry Trimmers can't see any investment except one in which he hands out one dollar with his right hand and pulls back two with his left.

"A dozen times this season there's been a show-down of money in that gentlemanly way the fellows have of offering to put five hundred dollars on something, and then, after everybody had a chance to show how much money they've got, they laugh and put the money back in their kicks. Every

time, Harry Trimmers has had twice as much money as anybody else.

"The other day he sold a house in Brooklyn for cash, and Abie and Louie had been hollering hard times all week.

"Harry Trimmers shows up to the flat with a fry in a box and looking so happy that we knew he must have skinned somebody. So I telephones Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum on the quiet.

"An hour after that Louie and Abie telephones they'll be up to take us out to dinner. In that hour they've been out among the banks hiring money.

"After the dinner, after Louie and Abie pays the check, Harry Trimmers, who is aching to flash his roll, opens his heart so wide I'm afraid he'll catch cold in it, and says the cigars is on him.

"Louie gets to joshing him about how much money he has, and Harry says, 'Oh, it's not such a much, but

I'll bet I've got more than any other gent here.'

"Louie and Abie look scared and uneasy, and Harry, excited by a good dinner he's had without paying for it and thinking of how he's done a Brooklyn real estate man early in the day, gets chesty.

"Mama De Branscombe, with her eyes glittering because she knows it is the hour of fate, as the dream books say, whispers to him, 'Play your luck!' and he gets to bantering Louie and Abie, and calls 'em paper sports.

"They sits quiet and pale, and Harry, thinking sure he has 'em side-tracked and now's his time to make a grand-stand play, calls over the head waiter and says, 'Here, hold this bale of trading stamps, I'll put it in your hands to bet that no gent here has more money than I have. Winner take all!'

"Now, Harry Trimmers wouldn't bet black was dark, but he thinks his bluff will go because he has looked up

Louie and Abie's rating and has found it all to the bad. But his putting his money up was the fatal error.

"Louie and Abie dig and then flash up blond bales that would rattle Rockefeller.

"Harry Trimmers tries to scream it was only a joke on his part, but he has never spent a cent in the place or tipped a waiter, and the bouncer comes over quietly and says, 'The bet goes, see!'

"When the returns is all in, Louie Zinsheimer leads by a plurality of two thousand. Harry Trimmers is next and Abie Wogglebaum tags gracefully in last, remarking, 'Take the money, Louie, Harry and I have lost!' And then he crys, 'I am ruined!' and rushes out with Louie Zinsheimer, and we can hear them saying, 'Stung at last!' as their cab rattles off.

"Harry Trimmers collapses and we take him home, a nervous prostrate.

"He's still at the flat, but as soon as

he's strong enough for Dopey McKnight to lead him home we'll let Louie and Abie know.

"So you see, Dopey McKnight's premonitions came true—the boys are going to get his things out of hock, Amy and I are to get heavier jewelry for winter wear and Mama De Branscombe is to have a new sealskin sack.

"Say, bad luck's a good thing to happen to somebody else, isn't it?"



**THE DOWNFALL OF DOPEY
McKNIGHT**





"Dopey gets a hold on the hansom and off we go."



The Downfall of Dopey McKnight

He Fared Well After Louie and Abbie Had
Played Port Arthur to Harry Trimmers
and Got Away With His Gelt After
That "Who's Got the Most Money
Bet?"—And the Clothes He Wore!—
Say, They Were as Loud as a Scream in
in the Solitude.

"The sledding's fine!" said the Show
Girl, as she leaned out of her hansom.
"Of course, I'm only speaking meta-
what-do-you-call-it? But now is the
winter of our discontent trimmed with
Old Point Comfort. Get in and we'll
get dap!

"Hansom? Yes, I use one now
when I cross the room, and we've so

much spending money that we have no inclination to buy anything.

"Mama De Branscombe and Amy and I go shopping every day, but are never tempted to spend anything because we've got the money to pay for it. As for committing kleptomania, Mama De Branscombe would scorn such a thing, and she even points out people to the floor-walker whenever she sees 'em acting suspicious.

"We've become so haughty that they just run after us begging us to open accounts. Mama De Branscombe gives it out she's fallen heir to a South American fortune left her by a jealous Brazilian, who died for love of her. See my new dress? Belts is to be broader, and flowered turbans and flower muffs with chiffon is to be all the gazizz! Please notice I am Cora on the Corner six weeks ahead of the fashion show—but pshaw! What's the use to tell you?

"But still you ought to know that

the dress of Delia Fortescue's you admired so much is just what the Eighth Avenue dressmakers have made up for West Side tenement trade.

"This is an imported gown. Skirts and sleeves are next fall's styles.

"I want to set you wise, so I'll tell you that the bolero jacket is cut higher this spring and the jointed front waists are out.

"And why all this gaudy splendor? Why, I told you about Harry Trimmers losing everything but his cha-mois vest to Louie Zinsheimer on a 'Who's Got the Most Money' bet!

"Well, what do Louie and Abie care for money so long as they get their eighty per cent. interest on what they've invested. So we're all rolling high but Dopey.

"Poor Dopey. Didn't you hear about him? Why, it's the talk of the town! The secret of Dopey's birth is that he was born on Friday, the thir-

teenth of the month, and, my! how it rained!

"I may have told you he was immune to hard luck, because he had nothing to lose. 'But at this instant, when good fortune was his to grasp, he was aware of the dark face of Luke, the gamekeeper, peering surlily through the shrubbery!' as Bertha M. Mud says.

"After Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum had played Port Arthur to Harry Trimmers and got away with his gelt, Dopey was the first remembered in the distribution of patronage.

"We got his clothes out of hock, but they were only good enough to give to the deserving poor, and then you had to hurry before they resolved into ravelings.

"So Louie Zinsheimer took him to Gus, the Square Clothier, in Walker Street, and purchased him a suit of clothes that were as loud as a scream in the solitude.

"Why, that suit vibrated so that every time he came in the flat with it on it gave us a headache. We held a consultation as to whether we would let him have some money, but everybody agreed that he had never been used to it, and that it might spoil his disposition.

"As it was, he was given his fresh pack of cigarettes every day, and out he would go to consult with all the actors he knew as to whether it was a good time of year to put a little money into real estate or not.

"Meanwhile, his wife, who has been posing in vaudeville, and never cared whether his baggage was held for his board or not, for she done well all season and never sent him a cent, hears of Dopey going down the line wearing scenery especially designed for this production, and at first she won't believe it.

"Finally she hears of him laughing to scorn an offer to play the piano at

a Cloakmakers' Club stag, where they have real food, and it flashes over her that maybe he's got all his property back that he spent before he acquired a craving for chop suey and art for art's sake.

"So she, forgetting her vows, forgetting her coldness, forgetting she had never supported him, except for the first six months of their married life, raises up the old question of alimony, and sickens the deputy sheriffs on him.

"I'm coming up Broadway in this hansom, when, just as we get in front of Proctor's, I hear a cry of 'Save me!' And there, like a mud horse backed across the board, comes Dopey up the car tracks with the deputy sheriffs waving a body execution and Vashti, the Vengeful, hurrying behind and hollering: 'That's the wretch who deserted me!'

"Dopey gets a hold on the hansom. Trim, the Lush Larry, who is our

family coachman, thinks it's the flat-ties after him and needs no urging to whack his hay burner, and off we go and have almost ducked with Dopey to a haven of refuge when we bang into a jam at Thirty-third Street, and Dopey is picked off the back of the hansom like as if he was a boll weevil.

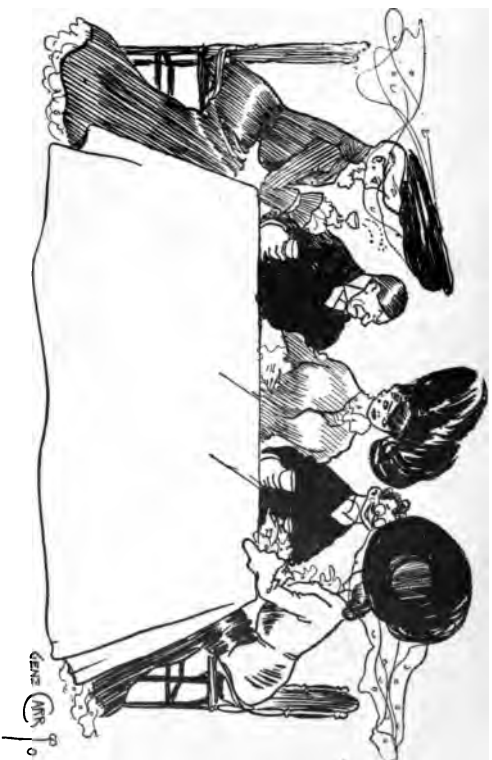
"He's in Raymond Street Jail now, and it's a-breakin' his heart, because as he never did any work in his life, he has never done anything dishonest, and he can't look upon alimony as something that's liable to happen to any of us.

"Say, do you think Lawyer Manny Friend could get him out?"



**WHY DOPEY McKNIGHT IS STILL
IN JAIL FOR ALIMONY.**





“At this point Amy caught Louie working the wireless with the lady
of the plastic poses.”



Why Dopey McKnight is Still in Jail for Alimony

Dopey's Wife Saw He Was Looking Prosperous and Had Him Arrested for Alimony—And, What Do You Think, She Tried to Win Louie!

"Mama De Branscombe and Amy are mad at Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum! Wouldn't that waggle you?" said the Show Girl.

"As for me, my disposition is just as if it came from the candy store.

"I know how it began, but I don't know how it will end. And ours was a happy little home!

"It is all on account' of Vashti, the Vengeful. That's what I call her. But on the bills she is 'Vashti, the Perfect

Lady. Plastic Poses! Faultless Form! Regal Radiance!' You know? Dopey McKnight's wife.

"She's got poor Dopey in Raymond Street Jail, charged with alimony. As Dopey says himself, 'It's awful, but, thank goodness, it isn't theft!'

"It goes to show you that it's no use to do anything for Dopey. As long as there was fringe on his pants and a dark calico shirt was his bosom friend he was allowed to eat where he could, sleep where he fell and drink whenever he was asked, and it was nobody's business but his own.

"But after Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum sacked and pilaged Harry Trimmers and Dopey got his bit of the loot, everybody Dopey owed a cent—and he owed everybody all he could—haunted him like Pinkertons after a speculator.

"And all just because he had a new suit of clothes!

"His wife was the worst. Dopey's

wives always are. He's that good-natured anybody can marry him, poor fellow. And his wives take it so seriously. Why, this last one was over three months before she would turn her hand to support herself, and even then she never sent Dopey any money by mail, although he used to write letters to her that would break your heart to hear.

"Well, after a cold, cruel silence that poor Dopey thinks means 'forgive and forget,' what does she do but have him arrested for alimony, just because she saw him in a new suit and thought he was prosperous.

"How can any lady in the profession act like that? Poor Dopey does no harm. Anyway, alimony, non-support and breach of promise is only intended as a protection to young girls on the stage who listen to the gay deceivers who tell them they will invest money in Wall Street for them and then 'four-flush' on it.

"She knew what Dopey was; she knew he only had his art. Dopey viewed as a human pianola is aces, but as a meal ticket he's a time-expired transfer.

"We thought it best to parley with her, although these variety people are not countenanced by our set, and how many times did we tell Dopey he had made a mesalliance by marrying into vaudeville?

"So Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum invited her to meet us at dinner at Martin's.

"You'd a died to have saw her. Such grammar! Me and Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum jest said there ain't anybody could beat her for grammar, and then how she used slang would have halted a hike.

"She had on a kike hat from a Division Street department store, of one department—the dollar down and a dollar a week department—and a shirt-waist with green and yellow stripes

that would drive you dippy. Her hair was sheriff sale saffron, but her manners! Say, they was awful!

"We said to her, 'Miss Vashti, why hold spite, simply because you are married to your husband? There's no reason why you can't be good friends even if you are married.'

"And Mama De Branscombe told of how her husband, who obtained a divorce from her when she wasn't looking, always bowed to her and smiled every time he met her, and she had never asked him for anything, because he always refused her, and although he was one of the most successful and highest respected men in the private club and wire-tapping business, she had never caused him any annoyance, although he had threatened to punch her when she drove up to his club house in a cab one night and kicked in the glass panels of the outer door.

"I don't know how it would have

come out, but just at this point Amy De Branscombe caught Louie Zinsheimer working the wireless with the lady of the plastic poses.

"Working the wireless? Yes, tap-pin' her foot with his under the table! Say, move in from Mount Vernon. Didn't you ever write foot notes to a lady round a dinner or poker table?

"Well, Amy gave a screech and pulled everything off the table, and threw it at Dopey's wife, and only she's a lady she'd have broke the windows.

"Of course, being in vaudeville, Dopey's wife has no tact, and she took Amy's actions as direct personalities, and wanted to rough-house the place. Mama De Branscombe grabbed a carafe, and in her excitement drank a whole lot of water.

"I was afraid my new dress might get ruined, so I maintained a ladylike indifference. Next to me, Abie Woglebaum was the only one who re-

tained his presence of mind. As the head waiter grabbed Vashti — he wouldn't dare lay his hands on a regular patron of the place like me, or Amy or Mama De Branscombe—Abie grabbed her by her ankles. Say, she had common-sense shoes on, at a dinner party, just think! And they carried her out to a cab.

"Street cars had always been her limit, and the cab mollified her till she wanted to come back and apologize.

"But Abie thinks the war between Japan and Russia is enough news of fighting for the penny papers.

"And this is why Dopey is in jail for alimony for the rest of his natural life.

"Say, next time I see you I'll tell you about my new rave, Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker. He says he loves me 'with a Florentine frenzy!' Oh, fluff!"



**ISN'T IT AWFUL TO BE IN JAIL
IN SPRINGTIME?**





"We went to Raymond Street Jail to see Dopey, and found him playing cards."

Isn't it Awful to be in Jail in Springtime?

Mama De Branscombe Wanted to Rescue
Him Romantically, But Louie Zins-
heimer Said It Was Better to Tip the
Warden.

"I do think that Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker, is the most perfect gentleman I ever met. He doesn't care how much money he spends," said the Show Girl.

"Oh, yes, I know Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum are generous, and old friends is best, but then Mr. Burlap is a live one for fair, and you can look down into his shoes and see he is straight from the ground up.

"Nothing has been seen of Harry

Trimmers, that imitation rhinestone, since his money was removed from him, and Mr. Burlap makes a welcome addition to our little set, and, then, he is so sympathetic. He has never met Dopey McKnight, and when I told him of how poor Dopey had been arrested for committing alimony, 'a tear glistened in his eye, and his strong, manly frame shook with sobs,' as Bertha M. Mudd says.

"Honest, he said it was too bad, until I told him how beautiful Dopey played the piano. And then he said that maybe Dopey had been arrested for that.

"Mr. Burlap is lovely, but his artistic temperament is a cavity, and he says he never saw a man who played the piano yet that was any good, and the better he played the worse he was. That isn't so, is it? Why, look at Dopey! He never does any harm. *He'll sit at a piano all day and smoke*

cigarettes and cry as he improvises tender melodies.

"Mr. Burlap likes us because we are so refined. He's awful sore at Della Fortescue because she borrowed a diamond ring from him and then told him she lost it. Mr. Burlap said it placed him in a most embarrassing predicament, as Della Fortescue knew he couldn't afford the notoriety of going to court about it. I wonder if he is married? I'd ask him, only I never like to discuss unpleasant subjects.

"Mama De Branscombe doesn't think he is; his clothes never look neglected.

"But I forgot to tell you about poor Dopey. We went to Raymond Street Jail to see him. Say, isn't it awful to be in jail in springtime?

"Mama De Branscombe said her last husband was in jail on an unjust, trumped-up charge of wire-tapping, and they never had a bit of evidence against him except the come-on's iden-

tification, and ever after that, she says, her last husband never saw a patrol wagon pass without a shudder, and then he'd look at his cuffs with a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Burlap says that no man should place himself in a position like that. In the coffee business the clerks have to raise whiskers, and after they swear the invoices through the Custom House they shave off their whiskers till it's their turn again, and the Custom House officials always fail to identify them if any trouble comes up afterward.

"But I never could understand business talk. I always go to sleep when Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum talk about assignments, fires and other commercial topics.

"But, as I was saying, we went to see Dopey. Mama De Branscombe wanted us to wear masks and daggers as Lady Mildred did when she climbed the ivy vines to the tower where Lord

Bertram was chained to the dungeon stone by Bernardo, the Baron, the Weir Wolf of Walsingham, in 'A Shroud of Steel; or, The Slaver's Secret,' which is a lovely book, but I had to just skip through it because I am rehearsing for our new show.

"And I'm getting a new dress made, because I am going to have my voice tried for a singing part, and if you put up a good front you'd be surprised to know how it keeps you on the key when your voice is tried, and besides it pleases the management to have good dressers on and off.

"Louie Zinsheimer said he didn't think there was any ivy clinging to the crumbling towers of Raymond Street Jail. If you wanted to break into jail, a pair of lineman's spurs was best. But the better plan, he thought, would be to go right in the front door and tip the assistant warden.

"Mama De Branscombe looked haughty when he suggested lineman's

spurs, and I do believe her mind was set on getting black knickerbockers and a dark lantern and "Tempt death on the swaying ivy, up, on up! While no star shone in the sky and the north wind murmured to the night, "Love gives her courage as she climbs!"'

"Oh, it's a grand book.

"But there isn't a bit of romance in Louie Zinsheimer, for when Mama De Branscombe said, 'Think of the poor, pale prisoner immured in yon dank dungeon cell!' he only said, 'Yes, the grand jury has roasted the unsanitary condition of Brooklyn's most popular alimony coop.'

"Still, Louie means well. We spent a whole lot of his money for flowers and fruit, and the New York *Clipper*, and mama wanted to smuggle in some bottled beer. But Amy said maybe she would be submitted to the indignity of a search, and Mama De Branscombe commenced to tremble, because it brought to her mind the time she

was suspected of committing kleptomania, and was honorably cleared after she paid for the articles.

"She gave Amy such a look!

"When we got to jail we found Louie's plan the best. There was no ivy anywhere, and the dollar tip to the assistant warden worked like a charm.

" 'He's in Fancy Frank's room,' said the assistant warden. We listened a moment to hear the tortured prisoner's anguished moan, but all we heard was Dopey's voice saying, 'that's good!'

"What do you think! The door wasn't even locked. Fancy Frank was a overgrown hike who looked like a thug in his Sunday clothes.

"Dopey was playing cards with him and had lost everything but his undershirt and his self-respect. A thousand dollars in I O U's was in front of Fancy Frank, and Dopey's hat and coat were in a bundle on the floor.

"The assistant warden afterwards

explained that Fancy Frank's wife used to have him committed for alimony every once in a while, and he stayed in till he had trimmed every man in jail with money. Who will break the news to him that he had lost a week winning \$10,000 in promises to pay from Dopey?

"He must have had his suspicions aroused, for that very morning he had demanded collateral, and only we arrived in time poor Dopey would have had to spend the rest of his term in bed.

"When Dopey saw us he burst into tears, and it was almost a moment before he could ask if anybody had a cigarette.

"Louie bought up all of Dopey's debts of honor for a dollar in money and the promise of some theater passes.

"The warden took us all down to his apartments, after Dopey got his clothes back, and never did Dopey's

dreamy genius come to the surface as it did that day.

"The warden cried like a child at 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget!' as Dopey played and sung it.

"Say, I wish Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker, could have heard poor Dopey pound that piano to powder. He'd have known a true artist can only have such inspirations. And Dopey hadn't been drinking a drop, either.

"Say, an opal isn't unlucky if it's surrounded by diamonds, is it?"



THE HERO OF BROADWAY





"Dopey McKnight is out of jail, proven innocent of alimony."



The Hero of Broadway

Dopey Gets a Great Ovation, and the Western Crooks, Who Are Getting Suffocated Under the Lid, Thought He Must Have a Special Permit to Run in a Wire.

"You can have a headache and you can have a parrot, but it isn't pleasant to have them both in the same room at the same time," said the Show Girl.

"Well, what about it? Why, Dopey McKnight is out of Raymond Street Jail, proven innocent of alimony, and Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker, doesn't like anybody who is addicted to playing the piano to excess.

"Dopey? Well, his wife, Vashti the Vengeful, heard about Raymond

Street Jail being unhealthy, and Abie Wogglebaum played upon her jealousy of Amy De Branscombe by telling her that Dopey would insure his life in Amy's favor and die for her sake, and, besides that, Mr. Burlap and Louie Zinsheimer using their influence to get her booked for forty weeks as a headliner in plastic posings in vaudeville made her hard heart relent, and Dopey was let out.

"Say, he was the hero of Broadway. The actors who are busy being idle gave him a great ovation; you would have thought it was enthusiasm over some one offering to buy.

"He couldn't have been treated finer if he had been a murderer. And people kept pointing him out, and going up and shaking hands with him and asking him to bite into booze, until some of the Western crooks, who are getting suffocated under the lid, seeing him go up the line with kind words and no knocks, thought at first that

Dopey had got a special permit to run in a wire.

"Run in a wire, what's that? Say, you ought to be wearing a shawl and shine your shoes with stove polish! Why, to run in a wire is to open a pool room, of course. You're almost as big a jingle as Harry Trimmers.

"But, say, we are having lovely times up at the flat, only Mr. Burlap carries on terrible every time Dopey sits down at the piano.

"It places Mama De Branscombe in an awful quandary, Louie Zinsheimer is so fond of music. 'Parsifal' or 'My Baboon Baby'—any kind of music, so it's ragtime.

"'My Baboon Baby' is Dopey's new song. He don't know whether to dedicate it to Mama De Branscombe, so's it'll stand him as a perpetual meal ticket, or to dedicate it to the warden of Raymond Street Jail, for Dopey says Raymond Street Jail is a lovely place to sleep.

"Of course they only give you cots, but Dopey has never known anything but billiard tables or sofas for seven years. Say, Dopey has slept in arm sofas so much that his system is full of kinks.

"Mr. Burlap brought his typewriter up to the flat. She's an awful nice girl and she's just dying to go on the stage.

"She says the girls in offices downtown are perfect cats, and talk terrible about a girl if she's too proud to associate with them, and goes out to lunch with the boss.

"I think that's horrid. Now, say what you please about girls in the profession, unless it is some one you've snatched from them, they're glad if another girl has a live one on her staff who doesn't see her longing in vain for rich and nourishing food.

"No matter if lobsters go up to a dollar seventy-five, you never see Louie Zinsheimer, or Abie Woggle-

baum, or Mr. Burlap wince when you look over the menu and remark how terrible it is they should cost so much just at the time of year they taste the best.

"Mr. Burlap's typewriter says you have to be awful careful when you are a stenographer. You have to dress well; you have to look well, and you have to know how to spell. And sometimes the boss is a brute that swears right in front of a lady if she happens to send the wrong letters to people.

"And then the men clerks have no regard for a lady, and hang their overcoats over the mirror, and think a girl should be at the office on time, because they have to, no matter how late she may have been out the night before.

"She's crazy to go on the stage, but she don't know what's in store for her. Why, if you've got a better shape than the star she makes you take your place in the last line. And I remember one

time how the ingenue carried on terrible because Amy's hair that season was the same shade as hers, and only that Amy was a good, quiet girl—and the management appreciates that kind of a girl—she would have been asked to resign after slapping the ingenue.

"Mr. Burlap pays his typewriter extra, because she sends money home to her mother. Isn't he lovely?"

"Mama De Branscombe says he's the most perfect gentleman she ever met, and he's such a joker, too.

"He asked us if we objected to his smoking in the parlor, and when we said 'No,' he said, 'Well, I thought if you did you could leave the room.'

"We've got new lace curtains in the parlor, and, of course, Dopey isn't allowed to smoke in there, or, at least, Mama De Branscombe says she won't permit him to. But if she stops his cigarettes, how can he play the piano?"

"Dopey says he would rather have the freedom of imprisonment, because

he was allowed to smoke in jail, and he wasn't afraid of his wife there, because the rule was, in the alimony ward, that although the wives could put their victims there, they were not permitted to come in and gloat over them.

"I see trouble ahead in the flat. Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker, wants to dictate too much, and his typewriter will shortly get over her doubt as to whether she will try to win Louie or Abie. I think she wants to look them up in Dun's or Bradstreet's first to see which is worthy of her love.

"On the other hand, Louie and Abie are getting restive because they think we are making too much over Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker.

"Mama De Branscombe likes him because he's so generous. Already he has promised her a whole lot of things. He's so different from Harry Trimmers, who never would even give a promise.

"Dopey hasn't been allowed to play the piano for two nights now, and last night he was raving in delirium and called out: 'Water! Water!'

"Mama De Branscombe was so frightened that she ran right into the parlor where he was sleeping on the sofa and shrieked: 'Don't you know me, Dopey?'

"And when we got him roused up and told him he had called for water, he trembled all over and admitted that he must be out of his mind.

"We think it's because Mr. Burlap wouldn't let him play the piano, and there's a melody caked on his brain.

"What kind of dogs is fashionable this spring? Mr. Burlap wants to give me his bulldog; but, say, that dog hates the sight of poor Dopey.

"Do you think it is instinct, or was he trained?"

THE END.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Conversations of a Chorus Girl

By Roy L. McCardell

This is a peep into the outside life of the chorus girl. It is only given to the few to know anything about the pretty show girl off the stage, and Roy L. McCardell has let the public into many delightful secrets in "Conversations of a Chorus Girl." The book is written with the snap and vigor that has made its author famous as a humorist, and the charm of the volume is enhanced by the characteristic sketches of Gene Clair, whose "Lady Bountiful" is known throughout America. A delightful book for the seashore, the home or the mountains. Handsomely bound in cloth; 16mo.

Price, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers

238 William St. - New York

A Beautiful Poster Free!

The Real Diary of a Real Girl

The publishers of this clever little volume will send to any address, upon receipt of two cents in postage and this coupon, or the outside wrapper of any one of the following books: "Toothsome Tales," "Things Generally," "Among the Freaks," "Conversations of a Chorus Girl," "The Show Girl," two or three handsome poster pictures of our naughty little girl. - - - -

STREET & SMITH
238 William Street
New York City

Please send me two or three of the Poster Pictures, as per the above offer, for which I enclose 2 cents to pay postage. - - - -

NAME.....

ADDRESS

A GENUINELY AMUSING BOOK

Things Generally

By MAX ADELER

A volume filled to overflowing with good humor, told as only this Prince of American Humorists can tell it. Will make you snicker at the first page, laugh at the second and roar before you are quarter of the way through. Full of illustrations just as funny as the text. Nicely bound in cloth, stamped in colors.

Price, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers
238 William St. - New York

"Laugh Oft, and Defy the Doctor"

Toothsome Tales Told in Slang

By Billy Burgundy

A book of fascinating stories about fascinating folks.

Pretty women before and behind the footlights, artists and their models, literary men of Bohemian tendencies, these are the people whom Billy Burgundy has selected for characterization. True, they speak their lines in slang, but it is the slang of the educated, and is always artistic, while delightfully amusing.

Pronounced by press and public one of the funniest books ever published.

The illustrations are by Outcault, Swinnerton, Marriner, Rigby, Pal, McAuley, Lenon, Cobb and Bryans.

Price, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price . . .

STREET & SMITH, Publishers
238 William St., - New York

EERIE TALES OF "CHINATOWN"

Bits of.... Broken China

BY

WM. E. S. FALES

A collection of novelettes depicting life in "Chinatown," New York City. The hopes and fears, trials and temptations, loves and jealousies, of John the rich and John the poor. No "pipe dreams," but sketched from life with a truthfulness that is little short of marvellous. Profusely illustrated. Bound in cloth, stamped in colors, gilt top.

Price, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price . . .

STREET & SMITH, Publishers
238 William St., . New York

A Peep Behind the Scenes

Among the Freaks

By W. L. ALDEN

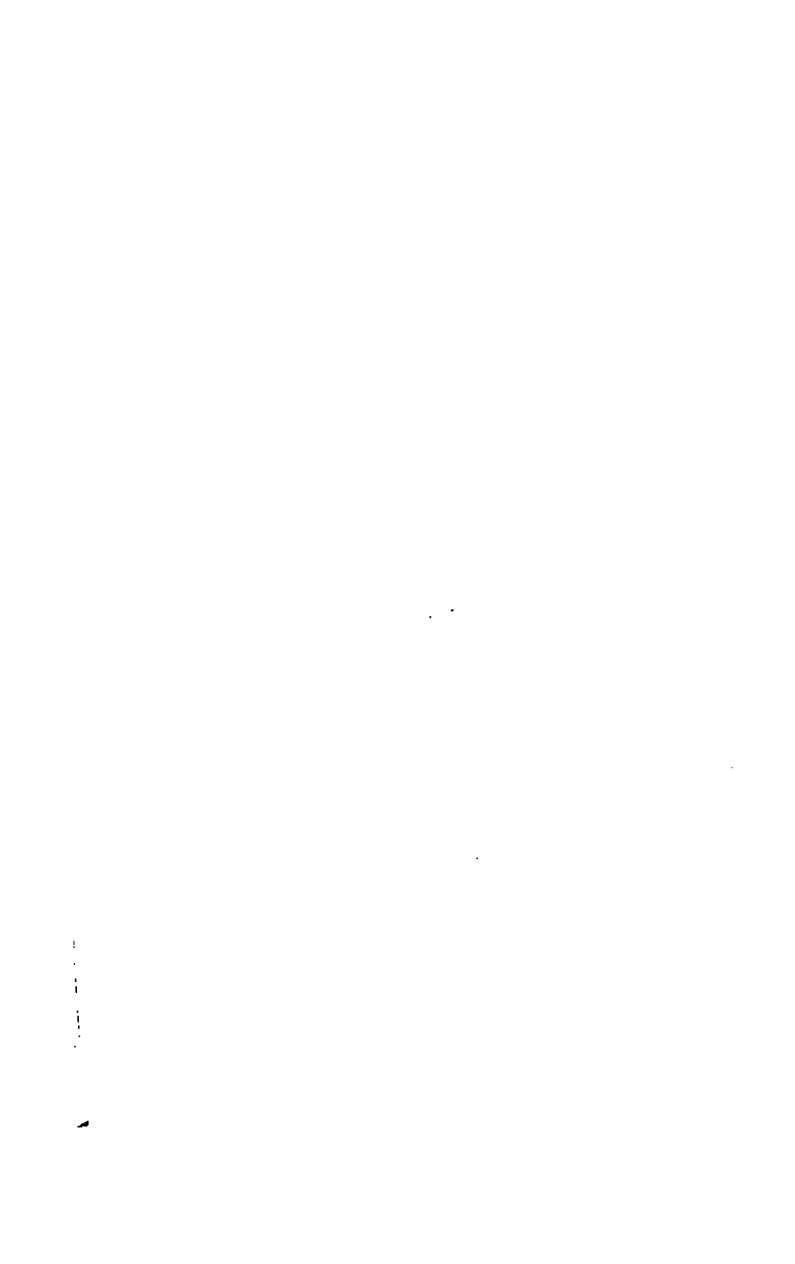
Here is a volume of unique interest, dealing as it does with the fortunes and misfortunes of the various "freaks" to be found in a Dime Museum. It relates the woes of the original Wild Man of Borneo, tells how the Fat Woman tried to elope, of the marvelous mechanical tail the Dwarf invented, of how the Mermaid boiled her tail, and of a thrilling plot hatched out by the Giant and others. Full of telling illustrations. Easily one of the best works this gifted writer has ever produced.

Price, 75 cents

For sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers
238 William St. - New York





PS
3525
A137
S5



CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-1493
grncirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

MAY 26 2002
JUN 2002

